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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXI.

No. 2407. — August 16, 1890.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXVI.

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LINES

WRITTEN BY VICTOR HUGO I ENDEAVOUR TO CRUCIFY, AND FOUND AFTER HIS DEATH.

Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu, car Il pleure,

Vous qui souffrez, venez à Lui, car Il guérit,
Vous qui tremblez, venez à Lui, car Il sourit,
Vous qui passez, venez à Lui, car Il demeure.

Come to Him ye who weep, He weepeth too,
And ye who suffer come, He heals all pains,
Come ye who tremble, for He smiles on you,
Come ye who pass away, He evermore remains.

July 11, 1890.

E. H. M.

LOUISE DE LA MISERICORDE.

FORGOTTEN long ago, 'twas thine
To drink of Love's delicious wine,
For thee a deadly thing.
'Twas thine to tempt a monarch's love,
Which, like the restless clouds above,
Was ever on the wing.

Yet thine a radiant morning tide,
When, in thy matchless beauty's pride,
Thou glorified the earth!
All marvelled at those soft blue eyes,
That stole the splendour of the skies
And danced with joyous mirth.

Hope pushed her golden gates apart
A little way, to show thy heart
A vision passing sweet:
A vision of a plaisance fair,
A happy woman sitting there
With Louis at her feet.

Had love's bright star undimmed remained,
Had Louis given what he gained —
A heart no wealth could buy —
One blighted bloom the less, I trow,
Had marred God's garden here below,
Where many droop and die.

Deep in the chambers of my soul
I seem to hear that death-bell toll
Which summoned thee to rest.
Poor pale crushed rose, too tired to weep,
God's angels carried thee to sleep
Upon thy Saviour's breast!

F. B. DOVETON.

HE LOVED ME ONCE.

HE loved me once!

Ah, then the earth was fair,
The sun shone brightly, and the balmy air
Was filled with fragrance of a thousand flowers,
Which blossomed sweetly in the sunny bowers.

He loved me once!

The very birds seemed gay,
And sang their sweetest songs that summer day;
How blithe was I — nor pain nor care could take
The sunshine from that hour, for his dear sake.

He loved me once!

But that was long ago;
And summer sun is changed to frost and snow,
The flowers are dead, the birds are gone, and I
Am dull and dreary as the winter sky.

Chambers' Journal.

CHRISTIE.

DYING.

THEY are waiting on the shore
For the bark to take them home;
They will toil and grieve no more;
The hour for release hath come.

All their long life lies behind,
Like a dimly blending dream;
There is nothing left to bind
To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat,
There is nothing left to do;
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.

By still water they would rest,
In the shadow of the tree;
After battle sleep is best,
After noise tranquillity.

Academy.

RODEN NOEL.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

IMMORTAL voice, that with such strange delight

Woorest the lonely hours in passionate strain!

Enthralled we listen where the clear refrain
Is borne upon the enchanted breath of Night.
With ecstasy thou surely dost invite

To some high joy, but sadly comes again
The long, low, plaintive note that speaks
Of pain,
And hearts that break through sorrow infinite.

Voice of the voiceless! Still thy deathless song
Thrills passion-laden souls, who listening tell

In thy full notes their tale of love or wrong,
Too deep for human words, and so dispel
The stifling thoughts that all their senses throng,

In waves of melody beneath thy spell!

Temple Bar.

L. M. H. CLIFFORD.

From The Contemporary Review.
FRENCH AFFAIRS.

BY GABRIEL MONOD.

THE COLLAPSE OF BOULANGISM.

THE months which have just passed away have been marked by one event of high political importance — the disappearance of Boulangism, that moral malady, at once disgraceful and absurd, which for the last two years has been poisoning the system of the electorate. The elections of last autumn had read the Boulangists a sufficiently severe lesson; for, after giving out that they would be disappointed with a hundred seats, they carried a bare forty, and that only with the help of the reactionary parties. Still they did not quite lose heart; and the re-election in Paris of three or four Boulangists who had been unseated held out a hope that the April municipal elections might give them their revenge. It was really courting defeat, for on the municipal field they could count on no support from the Conservatives, and they had to reckon with the very strong local position of the outgoing members. The only result of their taking part in the contest was to soften the differences amongst the various shades of Republicans, and to facilitate the success of the most moderate candidates, since it was only among the more violent Radicals that they could gain any recruits by their war-cry of a "Referendum" and a "Constituent Assembly." It was in vain that they exhausted every resource, assumed all manner of disguises, posed here as Socialists, here as Clericals, and there as anti-Semites; two seats out of forty were all that they succeeded in carrying. It was absolute collapse. M. Déroulède, the fiery Achilles of the party, laid down his lance, and went off on a long voyage; and the rest — MM. Laisant, Naquet, and Laguerre — announced that the Boulangist party must withdraw for a time from collective action, and tried to rejoin the Republicans; but even the Extreme Left, with which they were formerly associated, has shown no eagerness to receive them, and their part in politics for some time to come will probably be confined to serving as intermediaries now and again in some

momentary coalition between the Radicals and the Right. A few days before the final collapse of Boulangism in the elections of the 4th of May, its leader had given the country one last comedy. Three of his most faithful friends started for Jersey on the 1st, announcing everywhere that the general would return to Paris for the polling-day. It was a final effort to rally their disbanded troops. But the general declined to come back unless M. Rochefort came with him. The emissaries started for London, but they found M. Rochefort no more disposed than the general to come home and face a new trial, of which no one could doubt the issue. After this humiliating farce, the National Committee and its chief had the good sense to take leave of each other on friendly terms, and with as little recrimination as possible.

THE LESSON OF THE BOULANGIST MOVEMENT.

THE history of the Boulangist adventure is doubly interesting for the moral which may be deduced from it and the results it has brought about. The most instructive part of it, as it seems to me, is the lesson it has given to those Republicans who thought themselves safe in undisputed possession, and took their fling, governing in a purely party spirit, and taking no pains to win over to the republic the imposing minorities of which the opposition was made up, and who suddenly found themselves face to face with a formidable coalition of interests and grievances which very nearly overwhelmed them altogether. On the other hand, it has been proved that there is a solid stratum of Republicanism in the country, and that the Boulangist movement was not, like the Bonapartist movement of 1848-1851, a general and spontaneous impulse in favor of Cæsarism. It was composed of very various elements — patriotic aspirations, the lust of revenge, disgust with the barren conflict of parties in Parliament, the deliberate action of the clergy and the Royalists, who believed they were serving the cause of the monarchy, and finally, a coalition of all the discontents, of every sort and kind. These

incongruous elements soon fell to pieces again when success began to appear doubtful. But none the less, the history of these two years has made it abundantly plain that the masses of the people are not to be satisfied with a purely anonymous government. The State must be symbolized for them under the form of some man whom they can love, admire, and applaud. For the masses, M. Grévy did not exist at all. M. Carnot has succeeded, by the grace and regularity with which he has discharged the duties of his office, in obtaining a modest and irreproachable popularity which has fairly broken down and supplanted the noisy and ignoble popularity of General Boulanger. Nor are the French people disposed to endure a government without initiative or will of its own. Ready as they were to turn their backs on ministers who, like M. Floquet, were willing to let everything go, and to insist on nothing, they are just as ready to follow men who, like M. Constans, know what they mean, and intend to do it. And finally, it appears very plainly from the events of the last two years that, if the electorate is still subject to strange fluctuations of mood, and to sudden and inconsiderate impulses, there is nevertheless a gradual process of education going on; the *régime* of absolute liberty now enjoyed by France carries with it the remedy for its own inconveniences; and whenever the nation is on the threshold of some grave mistake or peril, it seems instinctively to draw back. We must not place too much reliance on this sort of political education; but we may at least observe and rejoice in it.

ITS CONSEQUENCES.

As to the consequences of the Boulangist movement, they are by no means inconsiderable. The foremost of them is the profound disorganization of the Royalist party. The support openly afforded to the Boulangist campaign by the Comte de Paris has given deep offence to those of his adherents who regarded such an alliance as downright dishonor, and has demoralized the electoral forces of the party by permitting them to vote for candidates avowedly Republican. The Or-

leans family became so keenly aware of the deplorable effect produced by the Boulangist alliance that they must needs try to repair it by the heroico-comic escapade of the young Duke of Orleans. While his father was making a voyage to Havannah in order to show that he had nothing to do with it, the young prince, just turned twenty-one, appeared unexpectedly in Paris, presented himself at the recruiting office, and proposed to undergo his term of military service. He probably expected to place the government in a desperate difficulty, obliging it either to conduct him at once to the frontier, and thus violate the law of expulsion, which condemns to two years' imprisonment any exiled prince who may return to France without permission, or else to subject him to a trial which must result in a penalty obviously disproportionate to the offence. He might, at any rate, be sure of being talked about, and of making his name familiar to thousands of Frenchmen hitherto almost unaware of his existence. And finally, by braving imprisonment in preference to exile, he could throw into the shade that other Frenchman who had deliberately chosen exile to avoid imprisonment. But, to the despair of the Royalist journals, which broke out into rapid indignation and protests somewhat lacking in cogency, the government disturbed itself very little about the matter. It quietly put the prince through his trial, let him be sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and duly shut him up at Clairvaux, in the rooms lately occupied by the anarchist Krapotkin, and the revolutionist, Blanqui. Public opinion was no more agitated than the ministry. Nobody took it for the whim of a hot-headed but generous youth, eager to share the conscript's mess. Everybody knew it was a carefully got-up little comedy, intended to obliterate the misadventures of the electoral campaign, to rekindle the zeal of the Royalists, and to prevent the formation of the Constitutional Right in the Chamber of Deputies. People smiled as they read of the luxurious repasts served up in the prison to the young aspirant after barrack rations. They wasted no sentiment over his departure for Clairvaux, well knowing

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that his imprisonment would be neither long nor severe. The news that he had been taken to the frontier and dismissed with a pardon was received without surprise; nobody was glad and nobody was angry. At the municipal elections the Conservatives took good care to say nothing at all about monarchies or republics; they simply allied themselves with the moderate Republicans; and to this alliance they owe the presence of some thirty Conservatives and Moderates in an assembly which hitherto has scarcely contained a dozen. In the Chamber of Deputies, the group of the Constitutional Right, whose formation had been somewhat retarded by the trial of the Duke of Orleans, did not wait for his liberation before constituting itself in due form; and we believe it is destined to grow rapidly, and to become an important factor in the balance of parties.

While it thus disorganized the monarchical party, the Boulangist movement has also swept away the divisions of the Republican party. As it was chiefly the Radical electors who went over to Boulangism, the Moderates have gained the ground that the Radicals have lost. Hence there is, in the Chamber of Deputies as in the Municipal Council, a very remarkable increase of the Moderate groups, and also a perceptible modification both of the programme and the passions of the Radicals. There is a general sense of the injury that has been done to the republic by sterile and interminable debates; and a general wish to unite for purposes of fruitful work, and to look after the business and interests of the country and the requirements of the agricultural and industrial classes. From this point of view, Boulangism has rendered a real service to the country. Its excesses have been a lesson both to the Republicans and their opponents.

It has also, I think, contributed to put an end to the anti-Semitic campaign, which had taken advantage of the evil passions aroused by the Boulangist movement to make some stir of its own. There was a moment when—thanks to the aiding and abetting of some of the noisiest Boulangists, such as MM. Laur and Lai-

sant, and of noblemen like the Marquis de Morès and the Duc d'Uzès, who thought to get some political leverage out of Socialism and the anti-Semitic mania—it seemed as if this latter malady were going to spread through France. But the municipal elections have shown that, even in Paris, it found a too refractory medium, and that it has shared in the discredit and defeat of Boulangism. M. Drumont, the most famous of its apostles, got only six hundred votes; and in the Quartier des Ecoles, the anti-Semitic candidate scarcely obtained a hundred. It may be hoped that, in a country where the Jews number no more than sixty thousand, and where for the last century they have, under the influence of civil and political equality, been mingled without distinction in the general mass of citizens, this essentially factitious movement may pass away and leave no trace behind.

PRESENT STATE OF THE CHAMBER.

THE state of political peace produced by the failure of Boulangism has shown itself in many ways; and, first of all, in the unmistakable determination of the Chamber to avoid ministerial crises. The retirement of M. Tirard, in the middle of March, was the work of the Senate, which refused to approve the postponement of the treaty of commerce with Turkey. The Chamber of Deputies had carried its forbearance so far as to submit without a word to the petty *coup d'état* by which the premier had substituted M. Bourgeois for M. Constans at the Ministry of the Interior. Besides, the resignation of M. Tirard hardly amounted to a ministerial crisis. Everybody felt that a stronger head and a more energetic temper were needed at the head of the government; and M. de Freycinet, who has the good fortune to be the favorite of all parties and the man for every emergency, was at hand to take up his inheritance. He had already acquired great credit as minister of war, and this post he retained. M. Ribot, succeeding M. Spuller at the Foreign Office, secured to the government the support of the Left Centre and the good-will of a section of the Right. M. Constans, whose capacity and reputation rendered him almost indis-

pensable at the Ministry of the Interior, returned to the post of which M. Tirard had deprived him in a moment of ill-temper; and his former successor, M. Bourgeois—a most valuable man, who has, moreover, the advantage of possessing a certain ascendancy over some of the Radicals—replaced M. Fallières at the Education Department. M. Fallières, also, only exchanged one office for another, taking over the Ministry of Justice from M. Thèvenet, whose reputation as a gamester was hardly consistent with the unimpeachability necessary to a keeper of the seals. M. Rouvier remained at the Exchequer, M. Yves Guyot at the Public Works, M. Barbey at the Marine; M. Develle became minister of agriculture, and M. J. Roche of commerce. The new government was thus a mere re-arrangement of the Tirard ministry, with some added force, and with more cohesion. There is not a single portfolio which is not now in the hands of a really capable man, and the Cabinet, as a whole, represents as exactly as possible the Republican majority, with the exception of the extreme Left.

ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE government of M. de Freycinet, like that of M. Tirard, announced its intention of setting aside controverted questions, and dealing only with those matters of business, and of social and economic reform, on which men of different political opinions could come to an understanding. The Senate is committed beforehand to this view. But in the Chamber, political passions are more intense, personal competition is keener, and ministerial ambitions and local rivalries find more place. The Radicals dread nothing so much as the disarmament of the Right; for, from the moment that the Right loyally accepts the republic, it may reckon with certainty, if not on governing it for a time, at least on exercising a directing influence over it to the detriment of the Radicals. Nevertheless, in the Chamber, as in the Senate, the spirit of reconciliation is dominant. It is true that some precious time was lost in the verification of powers, which was gone through too much in a vein of political retribution, nor could the deputies bring themselves to abstain from putting some useless and untimely interpellations; but on the whole they showed a disposition to devote themselves actively and without prejudice to the general interests of the country. Members of the Right were admitted to the Grand Committees on the Customs and

the Budget; agricultural and commercial groups were formed, open to deputies of all opinions without exception; and the signatures of members of the Right and Left meet indiscriminately at the foot of bills in favor of the working classes. Twice over, a considerable part of the Right has voted orders of the day expressing confidence in the ministry. A group of the Constitutional Right is in course of formation; and we have even seen bills of a distinctly Socialistic character—as, for instance, that which makes it punishable for a master to dismiss a workman on account of his belonging to a syndicate—passed by a coalition of the Right and the Radicals. Thus it may be said that we have before us at the same time the spread of a conciliatory spirit, and a general blurring of party distinctions. The committee which excites most interest is the Customs Committee; and the Chamber is divided more sharply into Protectionists and Free-traders, than into Liberals and Conservatives. The present Chamber is laborious, honest, and full of good intentions. Its honesty is even of a somewhat jealous complexion, disposed to see mysteries of iniquity everywhere in money matters. It was very nearly throwing M. Rouvier overboard on suspicion of having looked too favorably on the administration of M. Christophle, as governor of the Crédit Foncier; and it was urgent in demanding that no senator or deputy should in future be chosen to fill the high offices, either of finance or of the magistracy. Nevertheless, its good-will is not always of the most enlightened. By way of aiding industry and agriculture, it has thrown itself into a blind protectionism, which is in danger of doing irreparable harm to trade, and sending up the price of commodities generally in a way that will bring great suffering on the working classes, with whose interests the Chamber is all the while so much concerned. It goes on somewhat recklessly passing bills for the benefit of the workman, without sufficiently considering whether they are either just or practical. This is the case with the law which forbids the dismissal of workmen on the ground of their being members of a Syndical Chamber, and with the motion which proposed to restrain a railway company from forbidding its employés to stand for the Municipal Council.

SOCIAL REFORMS.

THE fact is, that the Chamber of Deputies, in common with the press, and

indeed, with society in general, is being drawn on by a movement at once very noble and very perilous, very touching and very inconsiderate — a movement of sympathy for almost any project of social reform. One cannot help comparing the favor with which suggestions of social reform are received to-day, with the favor with which suggestions of political reform were received a hundred years ago. These ideas were the fashion everywhere; they were the talk of the *café* and the *salon*, the workshop and the boudoir. Few took the trouble to study them, to master them, to mature them; and society let loose, as if in sport, amidst an effusion of tenderness and enthusiasm, a revolution which has covered not only France, but Europe, with ruins. I ask myself sometimes, when I see with what facility, with what light-heartedness, these great questions of property, of labor, of wages, of association, of inheritance, are discussed and disposed of, whether we are not feeding the poorer classes with hopes and illusions which may drive them to violence when they find how impossible it is to realize them. Be that as it may, the impulse is given; and one cannot but be glad of it, whatever the upshot may be, because one feels it is the love of justice that lies at the bottom of these efforts for the improvement of our social organization. Five or six years ago, the name of Socialist was ill received, and regarded by many as a term of abuse; now everybody calls himself a Socialist, and to say that a man is not a Socialist is equivalent to calling him narrow-minded, selfish, and heartless.

Whence, and how, has this movement, this temper of mind, sprung up among us? Without going back to its more distant sources — the ideas of equality left as a legacy of the French Revolution, or the elaborate and often chimerical social theories associated in France with the names of St. Simon, Fourier, Cabet, Leroux, and Proudhon, in Germany with those of Lassalle and Marx, and in England with that of Owen — it is obvious that the ever-growing importance of industrial and of economic questions on the one hand, and on the other the diffusion of education and the extension of the franchise, must tend to make the masses aware of their strength, and desirous to use it for the bettering of their condition; and must, at the same time, remind the privileged classes of the necessity of allowing the laborer a share in the profits of his labor, and of making life less preca-

rious for the lowest classes, if only for the purpose of giving them an interest in the maintenance of social security and order. The politicians were the first to avail themselves of these ideas, in order to create for themselves a standing army among the electorate; and the Catholics followed suit, moved, some of them, by the sentiment of Christian charity, others by the desire of opposing to a society sprung from the Revolution the more or less chimerical ideal of a society based on the theory of solidarity, on the association of rich and poor, which existed before the Revolution; and others again — and these were the greatest number — by the hope that the Catholic Church, which has lost all hold on the intellectual progress of the times, might yet, by means of its powerful organization, exercise an important influence upon the social movement. These men have never separated the idea of a religious propaganda from their projects of social reformation. Led by the Comte de Mun and M. de la Tour du Pin, they have started Christian factories, with a highly developed provident and mutual assurance system, and even an occasional sharing of profits, but in which the workmen are enrolled as members of a religious association, and bound to certain religious duties; and they have opened in all parts of the country Catholic workmen's clubs, which serve at once as a religious and a party organization. At the same time co-operative societies and associations of all sorts are multiplying around us, partly as a simple consequence of the liberty of organization, and also with the help of those devoted men who, like M. Leclère, M. Charles Robert, M. de Boive, and others, have placed their knowledge and acquired experience, practical and juridical, at the service of these associations. Meanwhile, the workmen have gained, little by little, a definite knowledge of what association can do for them and what it cannot. From the point of view of social theories, it does not seem to have done much. While some few followers of Blanqui are still in the childish stage of belief in universal revolution, and reformation by anarchy, the rest are, most of them, more or less convinced partisans of Collectivist ideas. They imagine a society in which the State should regulate labor and production, should be the sole proprietor of the soil and of all industrial establishments, and should work them by the regulated and organized labor of the whole community. While awaiting this transformation, which one section of

them—the "possibilist" section—hopes to bring about by purely legal means, and the rest are disposed to hasten by violence, the workmen are showing marvellous skill in organizing themselves for the conflict with capital. The workmen's syndicates of to-day, recognized and protected by the law, enable the men in any given trade to act in concert so as to bring pressure to bear upon the general conditions of labor. In some of the large towns—Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles—the various syndicates meet in a building called the Bourse du Travail; and already plans are being framed for an association of all the syndicates in France. The miners' delegates assembled at St. Etienne have just been conferring on their common interests. Strikes are much more frequent than heretofore, but also better conducted; they take place now, not when an industry is in danger, but when it is prosperous, and a rise of wages may be hoped for; and, consequently, most of the recent strikes have ended in favor of the men. Finally, there is a feeling, and a very just one, that the labor question is essentially an international question, and that there is a certain solidarity among the artisans of all countries. Hence the excitement caused in France by the demonstrations of the first and fourth of May in favor of "the three eights"—or the eight hours' working day. There was nothing threatening in the character of the demonstration, thanks to the measures taken by M. Constans to suppress any attempt at a riot, and also to the temper of the people, who were far from having any idea of using violence, and who know well enough that the eight hours' day is as yet a far-off ideal; but, both for the artisans and for the middle classes, the demonstration of the first of May had an unmistakable meaning. It gave tangible proof that, if the old International Association is dead and gone, another and a far more formidable union has sprung up in its place—a union which needs neither binding regulations nor a central fund, and which is based on the common understanding that the interests of labor in all countries are one and indivisible, and that they must be furthered by simultaneous action.

The spectacle of the growing force of the labor party could not but impress upon the middle classes the necessity of satisfying whatever is legitimate in its claims, in order to avoid a serious conflict; and the example of the measures passed in Germany for insurance against age and

accident, together with the theories of German State Socialists, which have found their echo in France in M. de Laveleye, M. Gide, and M. de Boive, and the demonstration of the Labor Associations of Switzerland, assembled in congress at Olten, under the leadership of the Catholic M. Decurtius, and the Freethinker M. Favon—all this has helped to carry home the conviction, either that the State must intervene to improve the condition of the laborer, or, on the other hand, that what is wanted is a rapid multiplication of associations, and the spread of the profit-sharing system, in order to realize by private initiative what others expect from State intervention. And, finally, the general evolution of the tendencies, moral and intellectual, of our generation, has given an unforeseen extension to this interest in the problem of our social progress.

THE GROWING INTEREST IN SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

AFTER the war of 1870, two growing tendencies might be discerned among the younger generation; in some, a discouragement leading to pessimism; in others, an exclusive absorption in practical life, the worship of success, a contempt for everything vague or uncertain, the ridicule of the ideal in comparison with the concrete and the real. Hence in literature, on the one hand, the narrow and brutal "naturalism," the pessimistic philosophy, the so-called *décadente* of poetry. But there were also minds of a higher tone, who believed in, and courageously toiled for, the resurrection of their country, and who kept their faith in a moral ideal, the source at once of poetry and of action. And now, to-day, we see on every side a strong reaction setting in against materialistic tendencies, against realism and pessimism—a sort of religious unrest, a mystical instinct, which with some takes the form of a return towards Catholicism, and with others, that of an attraction to Theosophic and Spiritualistic doctrines; but which, for the most part, has rather the character of a humanitarian enthusiasm, an eagerness to labor for the diminution of human misery. The immense popularity of the Russian literature, and of Tolstoi's works in particular, has largely contributed to the spread of this feeling; and M. de Vogüé, who has been the interpreter of the Russian literature in France, has become, as it were, the apostle of a semi-religious, semi-social movement. Many young men look on him as

a master; and when, quite lately, he took the chair at the banquet of the Paris Students' Association, his address was an exhortation to labor for the intellectual and moral elevation of "the disinherited." It should be the mission of the young, he said, to bring about a re-union of classes.

And now, in addition to the various internal causes which have tended to awaken in France an ever-increasing interest in social questions, a new impulse has also been given from outside, by the International Conference called together last Easter at Berlin by the German emperor. Whatever may be the immediate legislative results of that Conference, it is impossible to exaggerate the moral importance of such an act on the part of William II., especially when it is taken in conjunction with the dismissal of Prince Bismarck. We need not here discuss the wisdom or indiscretion of these two actions, nor whether Prince Bismarck was or was not necessary to the young empire. The great fact is, that the emperor has openly declared before the world that purely political questions must henceforth give precedence to social questions; he has made the social question the order of the day for every government in Europe. From that position it certainly will not recede; for, in the first place, the emperor's action has worked up to the very highest pitch the hopes and aspirations of the working classes; and, in the second place, it has encouraged numbers of men who had been prevented by timidity, conventionality, or conservative prejudices, from occupying themselves with these questions, to turn their attention to them. The sympathy openly expressed by Pope Leo XIII. for this new departure of the emperor's has also had a great influence on people's minds, and we hear now Collectivist and Socialistic theories calmly and even favorably discussed in drawing-rooms where, not so very long ago, the very name of Socialism was uttered with a shudder.

The keenness of these social interests, and the attitude of the emperor in regard to them, have done another thing. They have altogether changed the international situation between France and Germany.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

MANY people are now beginning to say that, sharp as has been the international rivalry, and intense the strain of ever-increasing armaments, the time is not far off when the gravity of the social and economic problem will cast all this into the background. Before fifty years are over,

the question how territories are to be divided will have given way to the question how society is to be organized. Already the feeling of jealousy towards Germany is nothing like as acute as it was some years ago; and the retirement of Prince Bismarck, who represented all the painful memories of 1870, with its associations of empire and dismemberment, and the presence on the throne of a young prince who had nothing to do with the war, have had a marked effect on the imagination and the temper of the French.

The peculiar susceptibility of the French nature has been shown on this occasion in the most striking manner. They have proved how little capable they are of sustained ill-will, how easily touched and stirred by anything that has an imposing and dramatic character. The artistic impulse in them carries it over everything else. Nowhere has the fall of Prince Bismarck, and the ingratitude of which he has been the victim, excited more commiseration than in France. The enemy once fallen, every feeling has vanished except the respect and admiration called forth by his powerful nature and his extraordinary career. At the same time the emperor himself has produced a very complex impression on the minds of Frenchmen — surprise first of all, then curiosity, and then something very like sympathy.

CHARACTER OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

IT was with the liveliest apprehension that they saw his accession to the throne. They had been shocked and offended by all that was known, or believed, of his conduct to his father; they believed him to be absolutely dominated by the will of Prince Bismarck; they imagined that his whole soul was taken up with three things — the pride of power, the thirst for martial glory, and the hatred of France. It was even said that, so long as Bismarck was at his side, the peace of Europe would not be broken, but that from the moment he was out of those leading strings there would be everything to fear. But now we find that we have before our eyes a totally different person from what we imagined, more complex, and far more attractive; difficult to understand or to define, but certainly neither vulgar nor conventional. One of the first things that strikes the eye is his extraordinary activity and even excitability, physical and mental. He is always in movement, travelling, hunting, holding reviews, out in the country; but he never neglects his work. Four hours a day for physical exercise,

four or five for sleep, the rest for work or receptions—this makes up the habitual order of his day. There is nothing feverish in his speech or manner, yet one feels in it that perpetual need of movement. Whether in speech or in action, he cannot endure a moment's pause. It is this need of perpetual activity that was so unendurable to the temper of the great chancellor. It was not unnatural. Like the Creator, when the creation was finished, he wanted to rest the seventh day.

But what is the emperor going to do? That is the great problem, at the unfolding of which his own friends, as well as all Europe, look anxiously on. It was this that troubled his grandmother, the empress Augusta, when she saw him ascend the throne so young and so inexperienced, after the premature death of his father, and said: "There will be a step wanting in the staircase of the empire of Germany." He is a curious mixture of fossil reminiscences and modern aspirations; he is at once a feudal warrior of the Middle Ages, a king, by divine right, of the *ancien régime*, and a socialist of the twentieth century. I fear this supremacy of the archaeological element, which certainly exercises a great influence over him; for of all chimeras, the chimeras of the past are the most to be dreaded. He seems to have no perception of the odd effect it produces to hear a Hohenzollern, the descendant of that Frederick of Hohenzollern who bought the electorate of Brandenburg from the emperor Sigismund for good current coin, talking about his sovereignty by the grace of God, of which he gives account to God alone. His nature is lacking in unity, in measure, in balance. His tongue has the roughness of a trooper's, and the mildness of an apostle's; he can turn a torrent of commination now on France, now on Russia; he will crush whoever opposes him; he will give his enemies a lesson they will remember for a hundred years; he will go on adding to his war budget and his effective force at the very moment when France has diminished hers by forty-two millions; and yet he talks of his love of peace in accents of irresistible sincerity. He is a sort of *résumé* of all the Hohenzollerns. A soldier like the Great Elector and like William the First, a delighter in ceremony and gala uniforms like Frederick the First, rough in his play, and a believer in sumptuary laws, like Frederick William the First, sensitive as Frederick the Second to all the delicacies of French wit, a mystic like Frederick William the Second, a roman-

tist like Frederick William the Fourth, a humanitarian like Frederick the Third, he is a combination of the most contradictory elements. Will he succeed in fusing them into a single character, simple, coherent, and continuous? It does not seem impossible; for he has a strong will, and since he came to the throne he has proved himself capable of reconsidering his duties and controlling his own disposition. If he has really resolved to play the part of a staunch upholder of peace, a champion of the working classes, a royal reformer, it is because it seems to him to be his duty; and it has probably cost him more or less of a struggle with himself. A few years ago, he gave his photograph to a young officer friend, and wrote at the back: "Oderint dum metuant." A few weeks ago, he said to M. Jules Simon: "When I became emperor, I said to myself, that, in the position in which God had placed me, it would be better to do good to men than to make them fear me." This beautiful little saying, which he publicly repeated in his speech at Bremen, is the precise answer to his harsh and insolent inscription of a few years back. There has been a moral history going on in the breast of William the Second. As prince and heir, he longed to make himself feared some day; once master, he felt his responsibility, and now he wishes to be loved. However much or little that goes for, it is not the mark of an ordinary mind.

The generous qualities of the young emperor have been very generally recognized in France, which also owes him something for the removal of Prince Bismarck. We have been glad, moreover, to feel that peace was guaranteed, at least for the moment, by projects of social reform which can only be carried out in time of peace. It has been rather a curious sight, to see public opinion in France at once growing kindly to Prince Bismarck for having been dismissed, and friendly towards the emperor for having dismissed Prince Bismarck. This kindness and friendliness—which is far more general than one would readily have believed, and is felt even in Alsace—has been accompanied, perhaps, by a certain simple-mindedness. There are people who have gone so far as to imagine that it was only a question of time and patience, and William II. would restore Alsace and Lorraine, out of pure love of peace and the desire of inaugurating a new era in European politics.

These are the dreams of honest people

who are a little too idealistic. But what is real enough is this: that the new political situation which has been evolved since the accession of William II. has induced a great many people in France to look more calmly, and in a very different manner, on the relations between France and Germany. It is well understood that Germany as well as France rushes upon certain ruin if they persist in their enmity; that everything counsels a reconciliation which would ensure their greatness and prosperity. Much has been said during these last years of the Franco-Russian alliance; it has been repeated again and again, that France and Russia have not a single conflicting interest, while France and Germany have not one in common. Nothing could be more erroneous than this view of things. The truth is that France and Russia have very little in common, and their interests are opposed at several points; while, apart from the antagonism created by the war of 1870, France and Germany have hardly any points of opposition and many of agreement.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

THE alliance between France and Russia is based exclusively on a certain natural sympathy and resemblance between the Slav and the Celtic character, and on a common hostility to Germany—with this difference, that the hostility of Russia to the German springs from a violent antipathy of nature, while that of France is purely accidental. From this alliance France has almost nothing to gain, either in a material or an intellectual sense. She can derive no positive profit from it, except in the extreme East, by means of the pressure which Russia might put upon China to make her pursue a policy favorable to France in Tonquin. But in Europe, if the peace lasts, what advantage can France possibly draw from an alliance with Russia? France lends her capital to Russia; she maintains the credit of Russia; but Russia opens to France not one industrial outlet, while her corn is a perpetual and increasing menace to French agriculture. If war broke out with Germany, France, whether vanquished or victorious, could not but lose by an alliance with Russia. Vanquished, she would have to bear the whole burden of defeat, for Germany would necessarily carry on a defensive war on the side of Russia, and an aggressive war on the side of France. France, which alone has any money, would have to pay the cost of the war; and

France, which alone has any colonies, could alone be plundered of her territory without her victor being burdened with such embarrassing and dangerous conquests as those of 1870. Finally, Russia, which is a young country with immense and thinly peopled territories, with an enormous margin before her for the growth of her population and the increase of her wealth, would easily repair the losses of an unsuccessful war. For France it would mean almost irreparable ruin. Victorious, France would have gained everything for Russia; for, Austria and Germany once reduced to impotence, Russia would be free to accomplish her designs in the East. Asia Minor would fall into her hands, and France, which has trouble enough as it is to maintain her position in the Mediterranean, would herself have introduced a fourth great maritime power to share it with her. I admit there is nothing to prove that Russia may not have to undergo internal convulsions which may arrest her development; but neither is there anything to prove that she will; and then, with what dangers may not Europe be threatened by that colossal power which already reckons more than a hundred millions of men, which in fifty years will reckon a hundred and fifty millions, and which, when once its network of roads and railways is completed, will inundate Europe with the products of its mines, its factories, and its harvest fields, as well as with its armies? The union of France and Germany can alone prevent the realization of the prediction of Sir Charles Dilke, that in the twentieth century there will be practically only three nations left—Russia, England, and the United States. It will come true if France and Germany go on doing the work of these three powers by paralyzing and exhausting each other as they are doing. Russia knows this well; and her government, which can, at heart, have nothing but dislike and contempt for Republican France, is prodigal of its flatteries and advances, because France all the while secures her on her German frontier and gives her time to grow in peace. France, on her side, is compelled to lean upon Russia by the fear of Germany; but there is something too incongruous, too ridiculous, in seeing Republicans lend themselves to the laudation of Katkoff, one of the butchers of Poland, melt over the autocratic czar, abuse the Russian revolutionists, and maintain a guarded silence on the subject of those oppressions and cruelties which twenty years ago they

eloquently denounced. France and Germany, for the very reason that their genius is so different, need the aid of each other's power to complement their own in works of intellect; they have no industrial antagonisms; and the Treaty of Frankfort, which guarantees to each the terms of the "most favored nation," has been of equal service to both of them. Germany cannot compete with France in articles of luxury or in wines; she cannot import her cereals into France; but she can supply the deficiency of French mineral products. France and Germany together can save Europe from the hegemony of Russia, and they can prevent the whole commerce of the world from being monopolized by England and the United States. Their union is a necessary element in the equilibrium of the forces of the globe. Such a union can alone bring about a disarmament, an arrest of that rivalry in military expenditure which is exhausting Europe, and pave the way to some solid result from the efforts now being made for the amelioration of social conditions.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

UNFORTUNATELY, desirable as it is for both countries, its possibility is still very doubtful. There are many in Germany who wish for it, but they do not say on what conditions. In France, Colonel Stoffel has had the courage, not only to advocate it, but to specify the conditions under which it should take place. He has been attacked on all sides, of course—in Russia, in France, and in Germany; but his suggestions have nevertheless made their mark, and they keep re-appearing under different forms in newspaper articles or in private conversation. One thing is clear, that France will never contract an alliance with Germany without some modification of the territorial conditions created by the war of 1870. A union under present conditions would make her the vassal, not the ally, of Germany. It must not be forgotten that the possession of Metz by Germany is a direct menace to the safety of Paris; and that the Germans only insisted on it in 1871 as a guarantee against French reprisals. Again, the feelings of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine create a duty towards them on the part of France. But does anybody suppose, on the other hand, that Germany would consent to simply restore all that she has taken, for the pleasure of being on friendly terms with France? It is possible she may some day regret her conquests; but as to restitution, if any one in Germany

dreamed of proposing such a thing, I think the Socialists themselves would cry out. Such an act would pre-suppose the existence, I do not say of a new Europe, but of a new humanity. Less impossible, though difficult enough for Germany to submit to, would be some other combination—a partial restitution, or the neutralization of Alsace-Lorraine united with Luxemburg, when Luxemburg falls into the hands of the Duke of Nassau. Germany, in accepting such a modification, would have made a step forward in the consolidation of her unity. The danger which besets her is her lack of positive boundaries. Whether from the possession of provinces which repudiate her, like Slesvig and Alsace, or from the existence outside her limits of populations which belong to her in heart, her frontiers are indistinct on every side. German unity will not be really secured till Germany has either suffered a defeat without a disruption, or else has voluntarily rectified her frontier.

In any case it would need a singularly lofty mind and powerful hand to effect such a transformation of internal relations; and it is no small tribute to William the Second that even his enemies should believe him capable of showing such qualities, and of bringing to the study of the international problem the same fearlessness, the same courageous sincerity, which he has shown in dealing with the social problem. But it is to be feared that nothing will really be done, and that the two countries will fulfil their destiny and go on quarrelling with one another to the sole advantage of the Russians, the Americans, and the English.

The agreement which has just been come to between England and Germany as to their African territories will not make it any easier to bring about a good understanding between France and Germany. It is difficult to avoid seeing it in a partial accession of England to the Triple Alliance, and a design on the part of the two nations to make common cause, in some degree, against France and Russia. The result of the treaty will probably be to strengthen the bond of sympathy between France and Russia.

For the moment, however, the desire of peace is so strong as to have produced a real improvement of all relations, both diplomatic and scientific, between the two nations. Germany might easily improve the situation still further by abating the rigor of the measures she continues to apply to unhappy Alsace. It is impossible

to see what advantage she finds in keeping the Alsations in a state of perpetual irritation. The mild and benevolent government of General Manteuffel had done much to Germanize the province; the system of repression and annoyance by which it has been succeeded has gone far to destroy, in a few months, all that General Manteuffel had effected. The existing passport system, by which half the Frenchmen who wish to visit Alsace are forbidden to enter it, — and that, as a German official admitted to me, not on personal, but on general grounds, and with the deliberate and single intention of obstructing the intercourse between France and Alsace — is as odious and iniquitous as it is useless. To put an end to it would be to produce at once in Alsace a feeling of restored ease and emancipation. But in the mean time, while we look for the prevalence of a juster and friendlier spirit in the government of the annexed provinces, the intercourse between France and Germany has already become easier and more frequent. The Labor Conference at Berlin, where the French delegates, and especially their leader, M. Jules Simon, were made the objects of the most delicate attentions, had a very happy influence in this respect. French physicians will take part this year, for the first time, in the Medical Congress at Berlin, and the French government will be officially represented by civil and military surgeons. And, on the other hand, the representatives of several German universities — Berlin, Leipzig, Heidelberg, and Fribourg — have been over to attend the festivities given at Montpellier in celebration of the sixth centenary of its university.

THE FRENCH UNIVERSITIES.

THESE festivities, which were honored by the presence of the president of the republic, will mark an era in the history of the higher education in France. For the first time, a commemoration of the foundation of a university was held in France, similar to those which had been celebrated not long before in neighboring countries — at Bologna, Heidelberg, Leyden, and Upsala. For the first time, the local representatives of the four faculties, letters, sciences, law, and medicine, were seen acting in common as members of a single body, and thus testifying to the existence of that abstract unit, destroyed by the Revolution in 1794, the university. At the solemn session held on the 23rd of May, the minister of public instruction, M. Bourgeois, publicly undertook to intro-

duce into Parliament, before long, a bill for the re-establishment of the universities.

It is, perhaps, difficult for those who are unacquainted with the history of the higher education in France to realize the nature and importance of this innovation — or rather, of this renovation. Mediæval France had created for herself that greatest of university centres, the University of Paris, the influence of which was felt throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and its foundation had been followed by that of twenty other universities, some of them — as those of Montpellier, Toulouse, Poitiers, and Orleans — very illustrious in their day. Unfortunately, the French universities did not confine themselves to the higher instruction; they included colleges of secondary instruction; and these colleges ended by absorbing the whole life of the universities. From the sixteenth century onwards, the universities fell into a profound decline, abstract scientific research disappearing almost entirely, and giving place to studies of a purely professional and practical kind. The faculty of arts, which corresponded to the faculty of philosophy in Germany, and gave the advanced instruction in letters and sciences, ceased to constitute a faculty by itself, and was attached to the teaching of the separate colleges. In abolishing the universities, while retaining the schools of law and medicine and creating establishments of secondary instruction, the legislators of the Convention had no idea of destroying a great organ of public education; they simply intended the suppression of a semi-religious corporation whose property they wished to confiscate. When Napoleon reorganized the whole system of education in France, he introduced into the Lyceum course one year of philosophy. This was practically the residuum of the ancient faculty of arts. He took good care not to re-establish the universities, for he was no less averse than the Convention to the existence of autonomous bodies which might resist the central authority; but he did establish, alongside of the faculties of law and medicine necessary for the training of advocates, judges, and doctors, the two faculties of letters and of sciences, in which a small number of professors might deliver brilliant lectures, intended rather for the enlightenment of the general public than for actual students, and which might serve, in particular, to supply an examining body for the future masters of the secondary education. The eloquence of professors like MM. Cousin, Guizot, Villemain,

and Saint-Marc Girardin threw a great lustre over these lectureships, and the science professorships also exerted a real influence; but the scope of the education was exceedingly restricted. No one would have dreamt of going to prosecute his studies at the faculty of letters, or of science, as one would at a German university; and the schools of law and medicine turned out practitioners, not scholars or scientific men. The future professors received their education at the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, or studied laboriously by themselves, and knew nothing, or almost nothing, of the professors of the faculty save as examiners who were to pass or pluck them. M. Duruy was the first, at the fall of the second empire, to think of modifying this state of things. He instituted the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes* at the Sorbonne, to encourage disinterested research, and attracted to it a number of young scholars who had studied in the German universities, and who made it their mission to restore the old universities in France. The zeal with which the third republic took up all questions relating to education hastened the realization of their wishes. Three leaders of the higher education at the Ministry of Public Instruction — MM. Dumesnil, Dumont, and Liard — have pushed forward this reform with equal ability and perseverance. By multiplying the number of professorships in the faculties, they have made it possible to provide a complete course of instruction for students; and by instituting, alongside of the public lectures, special classes open only to the regular students, they have created a personal tie between the professors and their pupils; while the foundation of scholarships has served to attract to the faculties a first group of men who soon formed the nucleus of a crowd of independent students. The students in the faculties of letters and science now reckon by thousands; and a large number of these are not studying with a view to teaching, but simply to acquire the elements of a superior culture. The faculties, meanwhile, remained completely separate one from another, without any of those corporate ties which constitute a university. In 1885, the first step was taken towards their consolidation in a body endowed with a certain amount of autonomy. The State recognized in them a sort of civil personality, with the right of receiving gifts and disposing freely of certain revenues; and it instituted, moreover, a Council-General of the faculties, composed of two delegates for each faculty

in each of the university centres, and entrusted with the regulation of all matters of common interest, and in particular with the presentation of candidates to the various professorships. One step only is wanting now — the fusion of the faculties into a corporate university; and this is the step that is soon to be taken. When this is done, we shall have repaired the evil effects, not only of the decree of the Convention, but of the internal decay which had preceded and justified it.

A great part of the credit of university re-establishment will belong to the students themselves. They first paved the way to the union of the various faculties by forming, first at Nancy, then at Paris, and then in the other towns, general associations of students, in which all branches of studies were represented. They resolutely stuck to the word university — University of Paris, of Lyons, of Montpellier — even when there was no sort of official claim to the title; they sent delegates from Paris to Bologna to represent the students of "the University of Paris;" and in August, 1889, they invited the students of the French and foreign universities to attend the ceremony of the inauguration of the new Sorbonne, and the festivities held there were essentially the festivities of students. The university idea has thus been brought out of the region of pure abstraction, to take shape in these associations of students, which represent, imperfectly no doubt, but in the germ, the old *Universitates studiosorum* — the corporations of students of the mediæval universities.

At Montpellier, again, it is the association of students which best represents the corporate unity of a university. While the faculties themselves are still tormented by mutual jealousies, the students are all one brotherhood. They are building a house, which will be their university hall. They have an orchestra and a choir formed among themselves; and they have shown, by the services they rendered in organizing the fêtes at Montpellier, to what a point they have carried the spirit of discipline, and the power of initiative. The old town might have fancied itself back in the times when all Europe flocked to attend the lectures of Casaubon or Saporta, as it watched the procession defiling through its streets, with the thirty-three banners of the corporations of students, French and foreign, and the many-colored robes of the university delegates, among whom were men of world-wide reputation, — Professor Helmholtz from Berlin, Pro-

fessor Gaudenzi from Bologna, and Professor Monro from Oxford. These gay and friendly festivities, shone upon by all the splendor of the southern sun, were indeed the dawn of a new era in the higher education of France. They have been the most important event of these last six months.

THE SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS. THE RIVAL EXHIBITIONS.

AT present the Parisian mind is almost too much taken up with the quarrel between the two societies of artists who have opened their rival exhibitions, the one at the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, the other at the Palais des Beaux Arts in the Champ de Mars. The annual exhibitions of paintings, formerly organized and directed by the State, have been left for the last six years to the initiative of a society called the Society of French Artists, and composed of all the exhibitors who have taken prizes at the annual *salons*. This society has had a brilliant career; but presently complaints were made that some sinister influence was transforming it into a coterie pledged to favor certain studios to the neglect of others. The action of the jury of awards for the Exposition Universelle of 1889, presided over by M. Meissonier, produced a schism in the society, and a new association, called the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, was formed under the presidency of M. Meissonier. It includes, curiously enough, hardly any sculptors; but it has with it nearly all the painters who make the charm of the annual exhibitions, all the men of marked originality, who seek for and open out new fields for art — Puvis de Chavannes, Besnard, C. Duran, Cazin, Roll, Gervex, Lerolle, Friant, Carrière, Prinnet, Harrison, Aublet, Edelfelt, and the rest. Instead of accepting an enormous number of pictures, and, at the same time, limiting each exhibitor to two, they limit the number of exhibitors, and allow each to send in several paintings. They have thus but a thousand pictures, or so, on their walls, instead of two thousand five hundred; but several painters have been able to exhibit a collection of works, the display of which in conjunction with one another adds very powerfully to the general impression. Thus MM. Stevens, Besnard, C. Duran, Ribot, Cazin, Aublet, and Billotte have been able to give a very complete idea of their genius by the simultaneous exhibition of characteristic instances of their various styles. Moreover, the new society,

having fewer pictures to hang, has been able to hang them to better advantage, not piling them one above another, leaving free spaces between them, as in the English National Gallery, stretching the ceiling-paintings on the ceiling and not against a wall, and isolating the decorative paintings. Thus the exhibition in the Champ de Mars, besides being interesting from the quality of its work, is generally pleasanter to look at, and less fatiguing to go through. The Society of Artists, on the other hand, made the mistake of determining to exhibit as many pictures as usual, in spite of the schism, and they have therefore been obliged to accept mediocrities in place of the works of importance which have been sent elsewhere. The result has been disastrous; there are whole rooms where one looks in vain for a single original or interesting picture; what good ones there are are lost in the surrounding mediocrity; and, by some unaccountable mischance, the better men among those who have remained faithful to the old society — MM. Bonnat, Henner, and J. P. Laurens — have not been happy in their inspiration this year. However, M. Munckacz, who has not exhibited anything for a long time, has this year sent a very fine ceiling-piece, and an interesting portrait; a young Spanish artist, M. Checa, exhibits a "Roman Chariot Race" in which he displays extraordinary vigor, and some fine qualities as a colorist; MM. Zuber, Didier-Puget, and Armand Guéry show us beautiful landscapes; M. P. Dubois has two masterly portraits; and M. E. Detaille sends a military subject, "En Batterie," which is one of his best productions, glowing, spirited, and full of movement, though not to be placed on the same level as the "Battle of Jena," by his master Meissonier, which is to be seen at the Champ de Mars. This latter work, which represents the emperor with his staff watching a charge of cuirassiers in the plain below, is one of the finest examples of the master. Its perfection of detail subtracts nothing from the extraordinary force and charm of the general effect. The rush of the cuirassiers is the rush of a whirlwind; and the hand of the great landscapist is shown in the management of the distances, enveloped in clouds of smoke.

If the elder exhibition is not entirely forsaken, it is due mainly to the sculptors, who have almost all of them remained faithful to it; and their works are displayed under the most favorable conditions in its fine central garden. Remarkable

among them are the "Tomb of Flaubert," by Chapu, the "Femme au Paon" of Falguière, "Tanagra," by the painter Gerôme, and the "Tomb of Guillaumet," by Baryas. If there is a moral to be drawn from these two exhibitions, it is this—that we must have done with mere picture-fairs like that of the Champs Elysées, and offer to the public fewer pictures and better chosen, the sight of which shall be at once a pleasure and an education.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
AN ADVANCE SHEET.

Quapropter cælum simili ratione fatendumst
Terramque et solem lunam mare, cetera quæ sunt,
Non esse unica, sed numero magis innumerari.

LUCRETIVS.

MANY years ago I lived for some time in the neighborhood of a private lunatic asylum, kept by my old fellow-student, Dr. Warden, and, having always been disposed to specialize in the subject of mental disease, I often availed myself of his permission to visit and study the various cases placed under his charge. In one among these, that of a patient whom I will call John Lynn, I came to feel a peculiar interest, apart from scientific considerations. He was a young man of about twenty-five, handsome, gentlemanlike, and to a superficial observer apparently quite free from any symptoms of his malady. His intellectual powers were far above the average, and had been highly trained; in fact, the strain of preparing for a brilliantly successful university examination had proved the cause of a brain fever, followed by a long period of depression, culminating in more than one determined attempt at suicide, which had made it necessary to place him under surveillance. When I first met him he had spent six months at Greystones House, and was, in Dr. Warden's opinion, making satisfactory progress towards complete recovery. His mind seemed to be gradually regaining its balance, his spirits their elasticity, and the only unfavorable feature in his case was his strong taste for abstruse metaphysical studies, which he could not be prevented from occasionally indulging. But a spell of Kant and Hartmann, Comte and Hamilton, and Co., was so invariably followed by a more or less retrograde period of excitement and dejection, that Dr. Warden and I devoted no small ingenuity to the invention of expedients for diverting his thoughts from those pernicious volumes,

and our efforts were not unfrequently rewarded with success.

My acquaintance with him was several months old, when, one fine midsummer day, I called at Greystones House after an unusually long absence of a week or more. The main object of my visit was to borrow a book from John Lynn, and accordingly, after a short conversation with Dr. Warden, I asked whether I could see him. "Oh, certainly," said the doctor; "I'm afraid, though, that you won't find him over-flourishing. He's been at that confounded stuff *Skeeghel*, and *Fifty*, and *Skuppenhoor*"—my friend is no German scholar, and his eccentric pronunciation seemed to accentuate the scornful emphasis which he laid upon each obnoxious name—"hammer and tongs ever since last Monday, and you know that always means mischief with him. To-day, however, he has apparently taken to Berkeley and Herbert Spencer, which is a degree better, and he was talking about you at luncheon, which I thought rather a good sign; so perhaps he may come round this time without much trouble."

Having reached John Lynn's apartments, however, I did not feel disposed to adopt the doctor's hopeful view. For though he appeared outwardly composed and collected—epithets which, indeed, always sound a warning note—there was a restlessness in the young man's glance, and a repressed enthusiasm in his tone, whence I augured no good. Moreover, I found it quite impossible to steer our conversation out of the channel in which his thoughts were setting; and this was the atomic theory. I did my best for some time, but to no purpose at all. The atoms and molecules drifted into everything, through the most improbable crevices, like the dust of an Australian whirlwind. They got into sport and politics, and the current piece of parochial gossip—which really had not the remotest connection with any scientific subject—and the latest novel of the season, albeit the time of the modern metaphysical romance was not yet. So at length, abandoning the bootless struggle, I resolved to let him say his say, and the consequence was that after some half-hour's discourse, which I will not tempt the reader to skip, I found myself meekly assenting to the propositions of the infinitude of the material universe, and the aggregation and vibration of innumerable homogenous atoms as the origin of all things, from matter to emotion, from the four-inch brick to the poet's dream of the unknown.

"Now, what has always struck me as strange," quoth John Lynn, who at this point leaned forward towards me, and held me with a glittering eye, which to the professional element in my mind subconsciously suggested the exhibition of sedatives—"what strikes me as strange is the manner in which scientists practically ignore an exceedingly important implication of the theory—one, too, that has been pointed out very distinctly by Lucretius, not to go further back. I refer to the fact that such a limitless atomic universe necessarily involves, in conformity with the laws of permutations and combinations, the existence, the simultaneous existence, of innumerable solar systems absolutely similar to our own, each repeating it in every detail, from the willow-leaves in the sun to the petals on that geranium-plant in the window, whilst in each of them the progress of events has been identically the same, from the condensation of gaseous nebulae down to the prices on 'Change in London at noon to-day. A minute's rational reflection shows that the admission is inevitable. For, grant that the requisite combination doesn't occur more than once in a tract of a billion trillion quintillions of square miles, what's that, ay, or that squared and cubed, to us with infinite space to draw upon? You'll not overtake the winged javelin. But, of course, this isn't all. For it follows from the same considerations that we must recognize the present existence not only of inconceivably numerous earths exactly contemporaneous with our own, and consequently arrived at exactly its stage of development, but also of as many more, older and younger, now exhibiting each successive state, past and future, through which ours has already proceeded, or at which it is destined to arrive. For example, there are some still in the palæolithic period, and others where our Aryan ancestors are driving their cattle westward over the Asiatic steppes. The battle of Marathon's going on in one set, and Shakespeare's writing Hamlet's *Is life worth living?* in another. Here they've just finished the general election of eighteen hundred and ninety-something, and here they're in the middle of the next big European war, and here they're beginning to get over the effects of the submergence of Africa, and the resurrection of Atlantis—and so on to infinity. To make a more personal application, there's a series of earths where you at the present moment are playing marbles in a holland bib, and another where people are coming

back from my funeral, and saying that that sort of thing is really an awful grind, you know."

"Oh, well," I said, in a studiously bored and cold-waterish way, "perhaps these speculations may be interesting enough—not that they ever struck me as particularly so. But what do they all come to? It seems to me quite easy to understand why scientists, as you say, ignore them. They've good reason to do that, with so much more promising material on hand. Why *should* they waste their time over such hopeless hypotheses—or facts, whichever you like?"

"Then, conceding them to be facts, you consider that they can have no practical significance for science?" said John Lynn, with a kind of latent triumph in his tone.

"Not a bit of it," I promptly replied. "Supposing that this world *is* merely one in a crop all as much alike as the cabbages in a row, and supposing that I *am* merely one in a bushel of Tom Harlowes as strongly resembling each other as the peas in a pod, what's the odds so long as these doubles—or rather infinitibles—keep at the respectful distance you suggest? If they were to come much in one's way, I grant that the effect might be slightly confusing and monotonous, but this, it would appear, is not remotely possible."

"But I believe you're quite mistaken there, Dr. Harlowe," he said, still with the suppressed eagerness of a speaker who is clearing the approaches to a sensational disclosure; "or would you think a fact had no scientific value, if it went a long way towards accounting for those mysterious phenomena of clairvoyance—second sight, call it what you will—the occurrence of which is generally admitted to be undeniable and inexplicable? For, look here, assuming the facts to be as I have stated, the explanation is simply this: the clairvoyant has somehow got a glimpse into one of these *facsimile* worlds, which happens to be a few years ahead of ours in point of time, and has seen how things are going on there."

"Really, my good fellow," I interposed, "considering the billions and quintillions of miles which you were talking about so airily just now, the simplicity of the explanation is scarcely so apparent as one could wish."

"However, it's an immense advance, I can tell you, upon any one that has hitherto been put forward," he persisted with unabated confidence. "Why, nowadays

there's surely no great difficulty in imagining very summary methods of dealing with space. Contrast it with the other difficulty of supposing somebody to have seen something which actually does not exist, and you'll see that the two are altogether disparate. In short, the whole thing seems clear enough to me on *à priori* grounds; but, no doubt, that may partly be because I am to a certain extent independent of them, as I've lately had an opportunity of visiting a planet which differs from this one solely in having had a small start of it—five years, I should say, or thereabouts."

"Oh, by Jove! he's ever so much worse than I thought," I said to myself, considerably chagrined; and then, knowing that to drive in a delusion is always dangerous, I went on aloud: "What on earth *do* you mean, Lynn? Am I to understand that you are meditating a trifling excursion through the depths of space? or has it already come off?"

"It has," he answered curtly.

"May I ask when?" with elaborate sarcasm.

"Yesterday. I'd like to give you an account of it—and if you'd take a cigar, perhaps you'd look less preposterously: We understand-all-about-that-sort-of-thing-you-know. You really don't on the present occasion, and it is absurd, not to say exasperating," quoth John Lynn, handing me the case with a good-humored laugh.

I took one, feeling somewhat perplexed at his cheerfulness, as his attacks had hitherto been invariably attended by despondency and gloom; and he resumed his statement as follows: "It happened in the course of yesterday morning. I was sitting up here doing nothing in particular; I believe I supposed myself to be reading a bit of the "*De Natura Rerum*," when suddenly I discovered that I was really standing in a very sandy lane, and looking over a low gate into a sort of lawn or pleasure-grounds. Now, let us take it for granted that you've said I simply dropped asleep—I didn't all the same. The lawn ran up a slope to the back of a house, all gables, and queer-shaped windows, and tall chimney-stacks, covered with ivy and other creepers—clematis, I think, at any rate there were sheets of white blossom against the dark green. It's a place I never saw before, that I'm pretty certain of; there are some points about it that I'd have been likely to remember if I had. For instance, the long, semicircular flights of turf steps to left and right, and the flower-beds cut

out of the grass between them into the shape of little ships and boats, a whole fleet, with sails and oars and flags, which struck me as a quaint device. Then in one corner there was a huge puzzle-monkey nearly blocking up a turnstile in the bank; I remember thinking it might be awkward for any one coming that way in the dark. Looking back down the lane, which was only a few yards of cart-track, there were the beach and the sea close by; a flattish shore with the sand-hills, covered with bent and furze, zigzagging in and out nearer to and further from high-water mark. There are miles of that sort of thing along the east coast, and, as a matter of fact, I ultimately found out that it can have been no great distance from Lowestoft—from what corresponds with our Lowestoft, of course, I mean. And I may observe that I never have been in that part of the world, at least not nearer than Norwich.

"Well, as you may suppose, such an abrupt change of scene is a rather startling experience; and I must frankly confess that I haven't at present the wildest idea *how* it was effected" ("Hear hear," said I), "any more than you can explain how certain vibrations in the air are at this moment producing sounds causing in your brain other vibrations, which we would call a belief that I am either raving or romancing. But the strange feeling—which in itself proves that it wasn't a dream, for who ever is surprised at anything in one?—wore off before long, and I began to make observations. As for the time of day, one could see by the shadows and dew on the grass that it was morning, a considerably earlier hour than it had been here when I quitted Greystones abruptly; and the trees and flowers showed that it was early summer. Nobody was visible about the place, but I heard the scraping of a rake upon gravel somewhere near, whence I inferred the vicinity of a gardener. After standing still for what seemed a considerable length of time—I had forgotten to put on my watch, and so could only guess—I resolved upon committing a trespass to the extent of seeking out this man, in hopes of thus gaining some clue to the maze of mystery at the heart of which I had suddenly been set, and as a preliminary I framed several questions ingeniously designed to extract as much information as possible without betraying my own state of bewildered ignorance. But when I tried to carry out this plan, it proved quite impracticable. The gate at which I stood was unlatched,

the banks on either hand were low and apparently most easily scalable, yet I found it by no means possible to effect an entrance into those pleasure-grounds. My attempts to do so were instantly frustrated, repulsed, in a manner which I am totally unable to describe; some strange force, invisible and irresistible as gravitation, arrested every movement in that direction, almost before it had been telegraphed from brain to muscle. In short, a few experiments demonstrated the fact that while I could proceed unchecked to right or left along the shore, I was absolutely prohibited from taking a single step further inland. How far my limits extended to seaward, I naturally did not fully investigate, having once ascertained that the water's edge did not bring me to the end of my tether. It was a sort of converse of King Canute and the waves. Here I was between the deep sea and — I will not say the Devil — but, at any rate, a manifestation of some occult power, such as mankind, during a certain stage of development, is prone to identify with that personage. I had been, as it were, set down in a fixed groove, out of which I could no more pass than I could now transcend the three dimensions of space.

"Having clearly recognized this state of things, I next bethought me of making my presence audible, with a view to attracting thither the possible guide, philosopher, and friend, whom I might not go to seek. This expedient, however, failed even more promptly than the other; I couldn't utter a sound. Then, like old Joe, 'I took up a stone and I knocked at the gate,' and such is the strength of association, that I continued the process for some time before it dawned upon me that my hammering produced no noise whatever. It is true that soon afterwards a ridiculous-looking small terrier came trotting round the corner; but his bored and indifferent air only too plainly proved his arrival to be *non propter hoc*. I vainly endeavored to attract his attention, whistling phantom whistles, and slapping my knees, and even going to the lengths of flourishing defiant legs; but the mountain could not have been more disregardful of Mahomet than he of me. And, as if to show that this arose from no natural imperturbability of disposition, he presently saw fit to bark himself hoarse at a flock of sparrows. Altogether it seemed sufficiently obvious that in these new scenes — where and whatever they might be — I was to play the part merely of a spectator, invisible, inaudible, intangible;

and, furthermore, that my opportunities for looking on were subject to rigorous circumscription, approaching that experienced by the boy who peers under the edges of the circus-tent and sees the hoofs of the horses. Still, unsatisfactory as I might consider this arrangement, I had no resource save to acquiesce therein; nor could I under the circumstances think of anything better to do than to keep on loitering about the gate, waiting for whatever might happen next.

"What happened next was that a glass door in the house opened, and out of it came two ladies, in one of whom I recognized, as they walked towards me down the slope, my eldest sister Elizabeth. There was nothing in her appearance to make me for a moment doubt her identity, though it did strike me that she looked unusually grave and — yes, decidedly older — and seemed to have lost the pleasant freshness of coloring which mainly constitutes what the Irish call 'pig-beauty.' I was then inclined to attribute this impression to the queer, old-fashioned-looking dress she wore; but I must now suppose her attire to have been whatever *is to be* the latest novelty for that particular summer. The other girl puzzled me much more, for although there was certainly something familiar to me in her aspect, I couldn't fit any name to her uncommonly pretty face and figure; and it wasn't until I heard my sister call her 'Nellie' that the truth occurred to me — it was Helen Rolleston. She, you know, is a sort of cousin of ours, and my mother's ward, and has lived with us most of her life, so there was nothing surprising in finding her and Elizabeth together. The curious and, except upon one hypothesis, unaccountable part of the matter is, that whereas I saw her a few months ago in the guise of an angular, inky-fingered schoolgirl of fifteen or sixteen at most, yesterday she had shot up to twenty or thereabouts, had, I believe, grown several inches, and had undoubtedly turned into a 'come out' young lady. I must say that she had improved very much during the transformation; I should never have thought Miss Nellie had the makings of such a pretty girl. Not that it is a style I particularly admire; too tall and dark for my taste, and I should be inclined to predict her ultimate development into a fine woman — rather an aversion of mine, but distinctly handsome all the same.

"Well, they went about picking flowers for a long time, without coming near enough for me to overhear what they

were saying, which I was extremely anxious to do. But at last they came down the path running along inside the boundary-bank, and sat down to sort their roses and pinks on a garden-seat, behind which I found no difficulty in taking up a position well within eavesdropping distance. I'd begun by this time to suspect how matters stood, and was consequently rather uneasy in my mind. One can't find oneself suddenly plumped down five years or so ahead of yesterday, without speculating as to how things — and people — have gone on in the meanwhile. So much may happen in five years. The situation produces the same sort of feeling that I fancy one might have upon finding oneself intact after a railway accident, and proceeding to investigate who among one's fellow-passengers have held together, what number of limbs they still can muster, and so on. Of course I was not sure that I would learn anything from their conversation; they might have talked for an hour without saying a word to enlighten me; but, as good luck would have it, they were evidently discussing a batch of letters received that morning from various members of the family, about whom I was thus enabled to pick up many more or less disconnected facts. It appeared, for instance, that my sister Maud was married, and living in South Kensington. My brother Dick, who has just got a naval cadetship, was in command of a gunboat somewhere off the Chinese coast. Walter seemed to be doing well on the horse-ranche in the Rockies, which he's hankering after at present — all satisfactory enough. The only thing that made me uneasy was that for some time neither of them mentioned my mother, and it really was an immense relief to my mind when at last Elizabeth said, —

"I see, Nellie, that we haven't got any sweet-pea, and the mother always likes a bit for her table;" and Nellie replied, —

"We must get some before we go in. Her cold seems to be much better this morning."

"Oh yes, nearly gone. There's not the least fear, I should think, that she won't be able to appear on Thursday. That would be indeed unlucky; why, a wedding without a mother-in-law would be nearly as bad as one without a bridegroom, wouldn't it, Nellie?" Nellie laughed and blushed, but expressed no opinion, and Elizabeth went on: "Talking of that, do you expect Vincent this morning?"

"I don't quite know. He wasn't sure whether his leave would begin to-day or on Wednesday — that is to-morrow. He

said that if he got it to-day, he would look in here on his way to Lowestoft."

"Oh, on his way; rather a roundabout way from Norwich, I should have thought. Do you know, Nellie, I'm glad that you'll be quartered in York next winter. I believe there's much more going on there than at Norwich, and you can ask me to stay with you whenever you are particularly gay. There, now, you've mixed up all the single pinks that I had just carefully sorted from the double ones — what a mischievous young person you are!"

"From these last remarks I inferred two facts respecting Vincent, my youngest brother, now at Rugby, neither of which would I have been at all inclined to predict. For one of them was that he had entered the army, whereas he has so far displayed no leaning towards a military career. I should say that his tastes were decidedly bucolic, and, moreover, I can't imagine how on earth he is to get through the examinations, as his only books are cricket-bats and footballs, which won't help him much even for the preliminary. But I think there are still fewer premonitory symptoms of the second fact — that he was about in the immediate future to contract a matrimonial alliance with Helen Rolleston. Why, the idea's absurd. I remember that in the days of their infancy, being nearly contemporaries, they used to squabble a good deal, and at present I believe they regard one another with a feeling of happy indifference. In Vincent's last letter to me he said he was afraid that he would find the house awfully overrun with girls when he went home, which was, if I'm not mistaken, a graceful allusion to the circumstance that Nellie's holidays coincide with his own."

"However, likely or unlikely, I had soon conclusive proof that such was actually the case, as Vincent himself arrived, not easily recognizable, indeed, having developed into a remarkably good-looking young fellow, got up, too, with a regard for appearances not generally conspicuous in hobbledohs of seventeen. The discreet way in which Elizabeth presently detached herself from the group and went to gather sweet-pea, would alone have led me to suspect the state of affairs, even if the demeanor of the other two had not made it so very plain before they walked round a corner beyond the range of my observations. But they were scarcely out of sight, when there appeared upon the scene a fourth person who took me utterly by surprise, though, of course, if I had considered a little, it was natural enough

that I—I mean he—should be there. All the same, it gives one an uncommonly uncanny sensation, I can tell you, to see oneself walk out of a door some way off, stand looking about for a minute or two, and then come sauntering towards one with his hands in your pockets—I'm afraid my pronouns are rather mixed, but you must make allowances for the unusual circumstances which I am describing. No doubt my feelings resembled those of the old fellow—Zoroaster, wasn't it?—who 'met his own image walking in a garden,' and if so, he can't be congratulated upon the experience; one gets more accustomed to it after a bit, but at first it's intensely disconcerting. I'm not sure whether in such cases we see ourselves as others see us; I should fancy so, for I noticed that I looked extremely—I must hope abnormally—grumpy; I don't think I was improved either by the short beard he had set up, not to mention several streaks of grey in my hair. Just then I saw Elizabeth crossing the grass to speak to me—I don't mean to myself, you know, but to him—and I heard her say: 'You're a very unfeeling relative! Have you forgotten that this is my birthday, or do you consider twenty-four too venerable an age for congratulations?' (This, by the way, fixes the date exactly; it must have been the twenty-third of June, five years ahead from to-morrow.) I regret to say that in reply he only gave a sort of grunt, and muttered something about anniversaries being a great bore; and I remember thinking that if I were she I'd leave him to get out of his bad temper myself—I say, these pronouns are really getting quite too many for me."

"Your own name is rather a convenient length; why not use it?" I observed; and he adopted the suggestion.

"Well, then, Elizabeth and John Lynn strolled aimlessly about for a while, but soon went into the house, and after that I saw nobody else, except occasionally the gardener, for what seemed a very long period. I had nothing at all to do, and the time dragged considerably. The strip of beach on which I could move about was hot and glaring, and disagreeably deep in soft sand; yet, for want of better occupation, in the course of the afternoon I walked more than a mile along it in a northerly direction, until I came to a dilapidated-looking old boat-house, built in a recess between two sand-hills, and just beyond the line I couldn't cross. Having reached this point, and perceiving no other objects of interest, I slowly retraced my

steps towards the pleasure-grounds gate. By this time it must have been four or five o'clock, and the weather, hitherto bright and clear, showed a change for the worse. An ugly, livid-hued cloud was spreading like a bruise over the sky to the south-east, and sudden gusts began to ruffle up the long, bent grasses of the sand-hills on my right hand.

"When I came near the gate, several people were standing at it, apparently watching two men who were doing something to a small sailing-boat, which lay off a little pier close by. Elizabeth and Nellie, and my other sister Juliet, were there, and Elizabeth was explaining to an elderly man, whom I have never succeeded in identifying, that Jack and Vincent intended to sail across to Graston Spit—she pointed over the water to a low tongue of land at no great distance—which would be Vincent's shortest way to Lowestoft. 'In that case,' said he, 'the sooner they're off the better, for it looks as if we might have a squall before very long, and the glass is by no means steady to-day.' Whereupon ensued a short feminine fugue on the theme of: 'Perhaps it would be wiser for them to give up the idea—I hope they won't go—Jack could drive him to the station, you know—Don't you think it would be much wiser if—in the midst of which they both arrived, and naturally scouted the suggestion that they should abandon their sail, John Lynn, whose temper seemed to have somewhat improved, asserting that they would have a splendid breeze, and that he would be back again in an hour or so. Accordingly they hurried over their adieux, and lost no time in getting off, taking no man with them.

"They had been gone perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when the 'splendid breeze' made its appearance in the shape of a furious squall, which came hissing and howling on with remarkable suddenness and violence, and brought the girls, who were still out of doors, running with dismayed countenances to look over the gate to seaward. The sweeping gusts bore to me fitful snatches of anxious colloquies, the general drift of which, however, seemed to be towards the conclusion that the boat must have got over before the wind sprang up, and that Jack would, of course, wait there until it went down. As the blasts moderated a little, they were accompanied by driving sheets of large-dropped rain, which again sent the girls scurrying indoors, and I was left to my solitary peregrinations and reflections.

These latter ran much upon the boat and its occupants, who must, I thought, be having a rather nasty time of it, unless they had really landed before the squall; for both wind and tide were against them, and a surprising sea had got up already. I consider myself to know something about the management of a boat, and I supposed that my strange double or fetch might be credited with an equal amount of skill; otherwise their prospects certainly looked blue enough, as Vincent has had little or no experience of nautical matters. I reviewed the situation, standing where the shallow foam-slides seethed to my feet, and I found myself contemplating a catastrophe to that John Lynn with a feeling which I can't either describe or explain. After a while, I began to pace up and down the beach, now in this direction, and now in that, and I must have continued to do so for a considerable length of time, as light was thickening when on turning a corner I again came in sight of the old boat-house, to which I had walked before. Almost at the same moment my eye was caught by some dark object to seaward, elusively disappearing and reappearing between the folds of grey vapor drifting low upon the water. They were very blinding and baffling, but a longer rift soon showed me plainly that it was a small boat in sorry plight, in fact filling and settling down so fast that her final disappearance would evidently be a question of a very few minutes. There was nobody in her, and I thought to myself that if any one had gone overboard in that sea, he must assuredly have preceded her to the bottom. And I felt equally convinced that she was no other than the boat in which I had seen the two Lynns embark.

"This opinion proved to be both right and wrong; she was the Lynns' boat, but the Lynns had not gone to the bottom. On the contrary, they were just then safely emerging from imminent danger of so doing. For I now became aware of a human form, which, at not many yards' distance, was making slow and struggling progress through the swirling surf towards the water's edge, and had already reached a place shallow enough to admit of wading. As I ran forward, not to assist, having long since ascertained that I could by no means demonstrate my presence, but merely to investigate, it turned out to be John Lynn, half carrying and half dragging along Vincent, who was apparently insensible. I had an awful scare, I can tell you, for he flopped down on the

sand when I — when John let him go, in such a lifeless, limp sort of way that I thought at first the lad had really come to grief. However, I suppose he had only been slightly stunned; at any rate, in a minute or two he sat up, and seemed none the worse. But when he got to his feet, it was evident that he had somehow damaged one of his ankles — sprained it badly I should say — and he could hardly attempt the feeblest hobble. 'Here's a sell,' he said, 'especially as we don't seem to have landed near anywhere in particular.' All this time the rain was coming down in torrents, and it was blowing so hard that you could scarcely hear yourself speak. 'It's a good step — more than a mile,' I heard the other say. 'Do you think you could get as far as the old boat-house? You see it there opposite to us. Then you'd be under shelter, while I run back and find some means of conveying you home.' This suggestion seemed sensible — though I say it who, I suppose, shouldn't — and they made their way haltingly to the boat-house, which, judging by the cobwebby creaking of the door, had not been entered for many a long day, and into which I was, of course, unable to follow them.

"Presently John Lynn came out alone, and set off running towards the house at a really very creditable pace, considering the depth of the sand and the weight of his drenched garments. I had found a tolerably sheltered station under the lee of a sandbank, and I decided to wait where I was for his return; but I had to wait much longer than one might have expected. The twilight turned into dusk, and the wind dropped, and the sky cleared, and a large full-moon came out, all in a leisurely way, but there was no sign of anybody coming near us. I couldn't account for the delay, and abused John Lynn a good deal in consequence of it. I know my wits sometimes go wool-gathering, but I'm certain I should never have been such an ass as to leave another fellow sitting wet through for a couple of hours — enough to give him his death, I said, for one always takes a pessimistic view of things when one's being kept waiting. Of course it was possible that he might have found all our womankind in hysterics — though from what I know of them I shouldn't think it particularly probable — but, even so, he should have managed to send somebody. Vincent, too, was evidently getting impatient, for I heard him shout 'Jack' once or twice, and whistle at intervals in a way which I knew betokened exasperation.

"At last John Lynn came posting round the corner, apparently in no end of a hurry, but not a soul with him, though he'd been away long enough to have collected half the county. As he ran up to the boat-house, I saw him taking out of his pocket something which gleamed in the moonlight, and was, I'm pretty sure, the top of a flask, so he'd at any rate had the sense to bring some spirits. I wanted to find out whether any more people were on their way, and forgetting for the moment that the boat-house wasn't in my reach, I went after him to the door. And there two queer things happened. In the first place, I got a glimpse, just for an instant, but quite distinctly, of — *you*, Dr. Harlowe; and immediately afterwards an extraordinary feeling of horror came over me, and I began to rush away, I don't know why or where, but on — on — until the air suddenly turned into a solid black wall, and I went smash against it, and somehow seemed to wake up — sitting here at this table."

"That's the first sensible remark you've made to-day," I said, in the most soothingly matter-of-fact tone that I could assume; "only why do you say *seemed*? I should think it was perfectly obvious that you did really wake up — or is there more to follow?"

"Then I dreamt it all?" said he.

"All of it that you haven't evolved out of your internal consciousness since then, in thinking it over," I replied with decision.

"Oh, well," said my young friend, with a certain air of forbearing superiority, "as it happens, I dreamt it no more than you did. But if you prefer it, we'll call it a dream. At any rate, it wasn't a bad one. I should feel rather uncomfortable now if it had ended disastrously; however, as far as one can see, nothing worse seemed likely to come of it than Nellie's being obliged either to postpone her wedding for a week, or to put up with a hobbling bridegroom. Then, as to those disagreeable sensations at the conclusion, I dare say they would be quite explicable if one knew the details of the process by which one is conveyed back and forwards; some phase, no doubt, of disintegration of matter. But you said, didn't you, that you wanted to borrow 'Walt Whitman'? Here he is — mad Martin Tupper flavored with dirt, in my judgment; however, you may like him better."

During the remainder of our interview John Lynn conversed upon miscellaneous topics with such perfect composure and

rationality, that I began to think less seriously of his relapse. I reflected that, after all, many thoroughly sane people had been strongly affected for a time by vivid and coherent dreams, and I felt no doubt that in his case the impression would wear off in a day or two. As I went out, I communicated these views to Dr. Warden, who was disposed to agree with them.

This proved to be my last conversation with John Lynn. For that very evening I was unexpectedly called away by business, which obliged me to spend several months in America; and upon returning, I found that he had left Greystones House cured, and had gone abroad for a long tour. After which, I heard nothing more about him; so that the days' "petty dust" could accumulate with undisturbed rapidity over my recollections of the man himself, and our acquaintanceship, and his curious dream.

In the early summer five years later — my diary fixes all dates — I happened to be wandering along the eastern coast, and arrived one evening at a remote little seaside place in Norfolk, which rather took my fancy with its many gabled farmhouses and comfortable Cock and Anchor. The next morning, the twenty-third of June, was, I remember, brilliantly fine, and tempted me out with my photographing gear — a much more cumbersome apparatus than at the present day. My negatives turned out better than usual, and as it was a new fad with me, I became so deeply absorbed in my attempts that I allowed myself to be overtaken, a good way from home, by a violent storm of wind and rain, which came on suddenly between five and six o'clock. I had an extremely unpleasant walk home with my unwieldy camera and other paraphernalia; and having got into dry clothes, and ascertained that several of my most promising plates had been destroyed, I did not feel enthusiastically benevolent when the landlord appeared in my room with a statement to the following effect: A young man had just driven over in the dogcart from Sandford Lodge — Mrs. Lynn's place below — wantin' Dr. Dixon in the greatest hurry to the old lady, who was took awful bad — for her death they thought; but Dr. Dixon had had a call seven miles off Stowdenham ways, and couldn't be got for love or money. "And so, sir," proceeded my landlord, "believing as you be a medical gentleman, I made bold to mention the suckumstance to you, in case as how you

might think of doin' summat for the poor lady."

Common humanity, of course, compelled me so to think, albeit human nature—that equally common, but very different thing—mingled some heterogeneous elements with my thoughts; and the consequence was that I at once set out again through the rain, which still fell thickly.

The young man in the dogcart was excited and communicative of mood, and upon the way told me several facts explanatory of the state of affairs in the household towards which he was swiftly driving me. The family, he said, had been at Sandford Lodge for about a couple of years, and were well liked in the neighborhood; everybody'd be sorry to hear of their trouble, and, to be sure, it was a terrible thing to have happened; it was no wonder the mistress was taken bad at bein' told of it sudden. Why, hadn't I heard them talkin' about it up above? Sure, the two gentlemen had been out sailin' that afternoon in their little boat, and was caught in the squall and capsized, or else she ran on a rock, it wasn't sartin which, but anyway she'd gone down clever and clean. And Mr. Jack had somehow maniged to swim ashore; but his brother, Mr. Vincent, a fine young gentleman in the army, there wasn't a sign of him—and he about gettin' married to one of the young ladies just the day arter to-morrow. But with the tide runnin' out strong as it was then, the corpse might never happen to come ashore at all. Indeed, they were in an orful takin' altogether down at the Lodge, and just before he come away, they'd found the mistress lyin' all of a heap in the landin', and couldn't get her round again by any means. So it 'ud ha' been a bad job if he'd had to come back without Dr. Dixon or nobody.

By this time our short drive was nearly at an end. "Coming this road," said the young man, "the quickest way to the house is round by the back." So saying, he drove a few hundred yards down a deep-rutted, sandy lane, debouching on the seashore close to an iron gate, at which he pulled up. "There's a turnstile in the bank to your left, sir," he said as I alighted, "and then if you go straight on up the lawn, you'll find the porch door open, and there's safe to be some one about."

I followed his instructions, feeling a curiously strong impression of familiarity with the place at which I had arrived—the sandy bank, the gate, the slope running up to the creeper-draped, gabled

house, standing out darkly against the struggling moonbeams. A common enough illusion, I reflected, but it was now without doubt unusually powerful and persistent. It was not dispelled even by my pricking my hand severely in brushing past a puzzle-monkey, which brandished its spiny arms in front of the turnstile; and the sensation strengthened as I walked up the steep lawn, threading my way up flights of turf steps, among flower-beds cut fantastically into the semblance of a fleet of boats and ships, with sheets of white blossoms glimmering for spread sails, and scarlet ones gleaming for flags. I felt convinced that I had never seen the device before; and yet it certainly did not seem new to me. At the door I was met by two girls, who looked stunned and scared, but who reported that their mother had recovered from the long fainting-fit which had so much alarmed them. They brought me up-stairs to the room where she was sitting; and the first sight of the miserable face which she turned towards me served to heighten my perplexed state of what may be called latent reminiscence. For I was at once struck by its marked resemblance to a face which I had in some past time frequently beheld, but which I now completely failed to single out from among a hurriedly summoned mental muster of my friends and acquaintances. And so thick a fold of oblivion had lapped over my recollections of the persons and events which would have given me the right clue, that although I knew I was speaking to a Mrs. Lynn, I could make no instructive application of the fact.

I found the interview dreary and embarrassing. Mrs. Lynn was so far recovered that her health called for but little professional discourse, and yet I feared to appear unsympathetic if I hastened away abruptly. Accordingly I sat for some time, delivering myself intermittently of the common commonplace, "and vacant chaff well meant for grain," which is deemed appropriate to such occasions. At length I bethought me of terminating the scene by producing a visiting-card, which I handed to Mrs. Lynn, murmuring something about a hope that if I could at any time be of any service to her she would — But before I was half through my sentence, she started and uttered an exclamation, with her eyes fixed upon the name and address. "Harlowe — Grey-stones," she said; "why, it must be you who were so kind to poor Jack when he was with Dr. Warden!"

As she spoke, a ray of recognition shot into my mind. Could it be?—yes, certainly it could be no one but John Lynn's mother—of course I remembered John Lynn. Indeed there was as strong a likeness between her and her son as there can be between an elderly lady and a young man. I was, however, still unable to recall the occasion upon which he had, as I now began to feel dimly aware, given me a somewhat minute description of this place and its surroundings; and then had not the driver told me that the family had lived here for only two years? My perplexity was but partially removed.

Mrs. Lynn appeared to be strangely agitated by her discovery of my identity. She sat for a minute or two glancing from the card to me, her lips moving irresolutely as if upon the verge of speech into which she dared not launch forth. Then she looked quickly round the room, which was empty, her daughters having been called away, and thereupon, with the air of one snatching at an opportunity, she turned to me and said: "Dr. Harlowe, I must tell you something that has been upon my mind for a long time." She continued, speaking low and rapidly, with many nervous glances towards the door, and sudden startled pauses upon false alarms of interruption: "Perhaps you may have heard that my youngest son Vincent is going to be married." (The tense showed that she had not yet learned to associate him with "the tangle and the shells.") "Their wedding was to have been the day after to-morrow, his and Helen Rolleston's. She's my ward, who has lived with us all her life; and they've been engaged for nearly a year. Well, Dr. Harlowe, my son Jack—you know Jack—has been at home too for three or four years, and some time ago I began to fancy—it was scarcely more than a fancy, and I've never said a word about it to any one—a feeling on his part of attachment towards Nellie. I hoped at first that I might be quite mistaken, but latterly I've thought that hardly possible. What I believe is that it sprang up gradually and insensibly as it were, and that he never realized how matters stood until the time of his brother's engagement. And since then I think—I fear—he has at times—just occasionally—shown some jealous feeling towards Vincent—and those two used always to be such good friends. Not often at all, and nothing serious, you know; I'm sure none of the others have ever noticed anything of the kind; and indeed it may be only my own imagina-

tion; it's an idea that, under the circumstances, one might easily take up without any real reason."

"Very true," I said, because she looked at me as if wishing for assent.

"But that's not what I particularly want to tell you," she hurried on. "To-night, soon after he came back from that miserable boat, I was in here, when I heard Jack running up-stairs, and I went to the door to speak to him, but before I could stop him, he had passed, and gone into his room. Just outside it he dropped something, and I picked it up. It was this!" She took out of her pocket a small gold horseshoe-shaped locket with an inch or so of broken chain attached to it. One side of its case had been wrenched off at the hinge, showing that it contained a tiny photograph—a girl-face, dark-eyed and delicately featured.

"That's Nellie," said Mrs. Lynn, "and it belongs to Vincent; he always wore it on his watch-chain. So if he had really been washed away, as they said, I don't understand how Jack came to have it with him. I don't see how he could have got it, do you, Dr. Harlowe?" queried this poor mother, leaning forward and laying a hand on my sleeve in her eagerness for an answer.

"He might have been trying to rescue his brother—to pull him ashore, or into the boat, and have accidentally caught hold of it in that way," I suggested. "It looks as if it had been torn off by a strong grip."

"Do you think that may be how it was?" she said, with what seemed to me an odd mingling of relief and disappointment in her tone. "When I had picked it up, I waited about outside Jack's door, and thought I heard him unlocking and opening a drawer. Presently he came out, in a great hurry evidently, for when I spoke to him he only ran past, saying, 'I can't stop now, mother.' He had some shiny, smooth-looking thing in his hand, the passage was so dark that I couldn't see exactly what. I went into his room, and the first thing I noticed was the drawer of the writing-table left open. I knew it was the one where he keeps his revolver, and when I looked into it, I saw that the case was empty. The revolver is gone; he must have taken it with him. Just then I suddenly got very faint, and they say I was unconscious for a long time. One of the maids says that she saw Jack running down towards the beach, about an hour ago. I believe numbers of people are there looking out. I said nothing to

any one about the revolver — perhaps I ought to have done so. What can he have wanted with it? I've been thinking that he may have intended to fire it off for a signal, if the night was very dark. Don't you think that is quite possible?"

"I don't know — I can't say," I answered, without, indeed, bestowing any consideration upon Mrs. Lynn's somewhat unlikely conjecture, for at this moment a whole sequence of recollections stood out abruptly in my mind with a substantial distinctness, as if my thoughts had been put under a stereoscope.

"Can you tell me whether there is a boat-house at some little distance from here along the shore? An old boat-house that hasn't been used of late, standing back near some sand-hills — perhaps a mile along the shore — in a rather ruinous state, built in a hollow between two banks," I went on, impatiently adding what particulars I could, in hopes of prompting her memory, which seemed to be at fault.

"Yes, yes, there *is* one like that," she said at last, "in the direction of Mainforthing; I remember we walked as far as it not very long ago."

"Some one ought to go there immediately," I said, moving towards the door.

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Lynn, following me, "is there any chance that the boys —" But I did not wait to explain my reasons, which, in truth, were scarcely intelligible to myself.

Hurrying down the lawn, and emerging on the beach, I fell in with a small group of men and lads, of whom I demanded in which direction Mainforthing lay. To the right, they told me by word and gesture, and one of them added, pointing in the opposite direction, where a number of dark figures, some with lanterns, were visible, moving along the margin of the far-receded tide, "But it's more that a-way they think she must ha' been when she went down." I explained that my object was to find the old boat-house, whereupon they assured me that I would do so easy enough if I kept straight along by the strand for a mile and a bit, and two or three of them accompanied me as I started.

The stretches of crumbling, moon-bleached sand seemed to lengthen out interminably, but at last round a corner I came breathlessly upon my goal. The door of the boat-house was wide open, and the moonlight streamed brightly through it full in the face of a youth who, at the moment when I reached the threshold, was standing with his back to the wall,

steadying himself by a hold on the window-ledge beside him, and looking as if he had just with difficulty scrambled to his feet. He was staring straight before him with a startled and bewildered expression, and saying, "Jack — I say, Jack, what the deuce are you up to?" in a peremptorily remonstrant tone. And not without adequate cause. For opposite to him stood John Lynn — altered, but still recognizable as my former acquaintance — who held in his hand a revolver, which he was raising slowly, slowly, to a level as it seemed with the other's head. The next instant I had sprung towards him, but he was too quick for me, and, shaking off my grasp on his arm, turned and faced me, still holding his weapon. "Dr. Harlowe! You here?" he said, and had scarcely spoken the words when he put the barrel to his temple, and before the echoes of the shot had died on the jarred silence, and while the smoke-wreaths were still eddying up to the boat-house roof, he lay dead at our feet with a bullet in his brain.

The coroner's jury of course returned their customary verdict, perhaps with better grounds than usual. Upon my own private verdict I have deliberated often and long, but without arriving at any conclusive result. That crime upon the brink of which John Lynn had undoubtedly stood — was it a premeditated one, or had he taken the revolver with some different intention, and afterwards yielded to a sudden suggestion of the fiend, prompted by his brother's helpless plight? This question I can never hope to answer definitively, though my opinion inclines towards the latter hypothesis. Upon the whole it seems clear to me that by his last act my unhappy friend did but "catch the nearest way" out of a hopelessly complicated maze of mortal misery. Furthermore, I cannot avoid the conviction that but for his narration to me of his strange dream or trance experiences, a fratricide's guilt would have been superadded to the calamities of his mind distempered, and his passion "by Fate bemocked."

From Temple Bar.

VIDOCQ.

VIDOCQ's father kept a baker's shop in the Place d'Armes at Arras; and there, in July, 1775, he came into the world. Eugene François, as the boy was called, grew up astonishingly tall and strong; but a more good-for-nothing little scapgrace

never hopped a gutter. At eight years old he was the terror of all the cats and urchins in the square, and was commonly remarkable for two black eyes and a jacket rent in tatters. At thirteen he was sent out with the baker's basket, and began to pick up friends among the thieves and trollops of the slums. In this society he quickly learnt how to provide himself with pocket-money. He fished up coins from the shop-till with a feather dipped in glue; he sold the loaves and rolls out of his baskets; he pawned the coffee-spoons; he robbed the hen-roost. In this last exploit he was once detected by a pair of chickens in his breeches pockets thrusting out their heads below his apron. At length his father, weary of drubbing him without avail, had him locked up for a fortnight in the city prison. But all was useless. No sooner was he taken home and pardoned, than he broke the money-coffer with a crowbar, helped himself to forty pounds, and ran away to sea.

He reached Ostend with just a shilling. But he was not fated to become a sailor. As he was looking for a skipper who would let him work his passage to America, he chanced to hear a Merry Andrew blow his trumpet on the platform of his show. A Merry-Andrew's was the life for Vidocq! He spent his shilling on a pint of gin, treated the trumpet-player to a bumper, was by him presented to Cotte-Comus, the director of the show, and was accepted as a learner. But Vidocq's joy was brief. The show combined a troop of acrobats with a collection of wild beasts; but Vidocq as a tumbler proved an utter failure—the grand fling nearly killed him, and the chair-leap broke his nose. He was reduced to scour the lamps and sweep the cages, to be kicked and beaten, to make his dinner of a crust, and to sleep with the Jack-pudding. In a month his aspect grew so wretched that his master, looking at his scarecrow garments, drenched with lamp-grease and tattered by the monkeys, his hair in tangle, and his bones peeping through the skin, cried out in ecstasy that he would make a splendid cannibal. In order to rehearse the character, he brought a bludgeon and a tiger-skin, and bade him glare and gibber, bound like an ourang-outang, and gnaw the flesh of a live cock. But raw cocks were not to Vidocq's liking. He refused; the master cuffed his ears; and Vidocq, snatching up his bludgeon, was about to knock the master on the head, when the whole troop rushed upon him, and kicked him out of doors.

Then he joined the keeper of a Punch-and-Judy; but he neglected the puppets to kiss the keeper's wife, and was speedily obliged to fly. Then he decided to return to Arras. In return for food and lodging by the way, he undertook to carry the pack of an old pedlar, who was waxing weak with age. The pedlar, who sold drugs, cut corns, and sometimes pulled out teeth, turned out to be a skinflint, who kept him starved on mutton-broth and turnips, and lodged him for the night in barns, in one of which he shared his pile of fodder with a camel and a pair of dancing bears. When at last he sneaked into the shop at Arras, his own mother scarcely recognized him. He was welcomed like the Prodigal. But as to making him a baker, they might as well have tried to make a baker of Cotte-Comus's ourang-outang.

For now he took a whim to be a soldier. His family consented, and he joined a troop of Chasseurs. Vidocq, at fifteen, was six feet high, an admirable fencer, and as ready for a quarrel as Mercutio. In a short time he was known to all the regiment by the name of Reckless. Within six months he fought in fifteen duels, in two of which he killed his man. When he was neither lying in the hospital with a rapier-thrust received in an affair of honor, nor in the dungeon of the citadel for a breach of discipline, he was engaged in making love to half the pretty girls in Arras. In this pursuit, his dashing air and handsome figure, his ruddy cheeks, brown curls, and grey-blue, glittering eyes, were aided by a tongue as glib and wits as subtle as Satan's at the ear of Eve.

At length his troop was ordered into action; but Vidocq, in a skirmish with the Austrians, received a bullet in his leg, and was sent home to recover. When he re-entered Arras, he found the Reign of Terror there before him. A guillotine stood in the fish-market; a white old man was fastened to the plank; and, as directing spirit, on a platform raised above the terror-stricken crowd, stood that filthy, grinning devil, Joseph Lebon, supported on his sabre. Vidocq saw the knife fall, and the old man's head drop off. His blood ran cold, and doubtless would have run still colder, had he foreseen how soon that knife would threaten his own neck.

He had scarcely been a week in Arras, when, on stealing out one morning to fight a duel with a trumpet-major, a band of gendarmes rushed upon him; his rival, a rank poltroon, had denounced him to Lebon. Vidocq, accused of having spoken

evil of the Jacobins, was shut up in a garret, in which a crowd of captives of the noblest families were kept half-starving, with the guillotine before their eyes. That he did not mount the scaffold in the fish-market — that he did not, in the pleasant phrase then popular, look through the little window and sneeze into the sack — was owing to a lady. A certain Mademoiselle Chevalier, whose brother was Lebon's assistant, interceded for him, and obtained his liberty.

Mademoiselle Chevalier was lean and ugly, and also, as it turned out, fickle. But she set her cap at Vidocq, and inveigled him to marry her. Unluckily, the honeymoon was scarcely over, when, on coming home one evening unexpectedly, he heard the clatter of a sabre, and espied a soldier jumping out of his wife's window. Vidocq pursued and caught the fugitive. A duel was instantly arranged; but Madame Vidocq played him a new trick. Before the time appointed for the meeting, he was seized by the police, was dragged before Lebon, was accused by his wife's friends of treating her with cruelty, and was expelled from Arras.

He was now a wanderer on the earth. At first he joined a gang of sharpers. Then, armed with forged credentials, he set up as a captain — Captain Rousseau of Hussars. Under this character he made acquaintance with a rich old baroness of Brussels, and became engaged to marry her. But vagabond, deserter, and forger as he was, he lacked audacity to become a bigamist. At the last moment he revealed so much of his true story that the baroness recoiled from him in horror. Next day she sent him a rich casket with six hundred louis-d'ors. But he never saw her face again.

He tossed away his money with such speed that he was soon without a shilling. He then joined a troop of gipsies, whose chief employment was to creep by night into the farmers' cattle-sheds and put a poison in the mangers, in order to obtain a fee next day for curing the sick beasts. This strange profession did not suit his tastes, and he was looking round him for a new one, when an event occurred which altered his whole life.

At Lille he fell in love with a frail beauty by the name of Francine, of whom he was as jealous as Othello. One night he found his goddess supping at a tavern with a rival. He rushed upon the pair in fury, was arrested for assault, and was sent for three months to St. Peter's Tower. There he was put into a solitary chamber

called the Bull's-eye; but the common room, where near a score of dirty scoundrels roared and squabbled all day long, was also open to him. Three of these gaol-birds, who had conspired to forge an order of release, requested him to let them use his room "to draw up a memorial." He did so. The order of release was forged; the forgery was detected; and Vidocq, though quite innocent, was held guilty with the rest.

And now, instead of a few weeks of light captivity, his prospect was the galleys for a term of years. At first his anger and despair brought on a fever. Then, as he recovered, he began to rack his wits. Schemes of deliverance arose before him. As yet he did not know his own capacity. But he was soon to show that in the art of making an escape he was the cleverest rascal in the world.

Francine had made all speed to jilt his rival, and now came to see him daily. By degrees she brought him in her muff the uniform of an inspector. Vidocq's power of mimicry resembled that of Garrick or the elder Mathews. He put on the disguise, and with a face which his own mother would have failed to recognize, walked boldly to the prison gate. The gate-keeper, an ancient galley-slave, and as sharp-eyed as a lynx, pulled off his cap and threw the barrier open. In a moment Vidocq was at liberty.

He hastened to the lodging of a friend of Francine, where, as long as he kept quiet, he was perfectly secure. But Vidocq's name was Reckless. Next morning, when the hue-and-cry was ringing after him, he walked abroad in his disguise. He was sitting down to dinner at a tavern, when a sergeant by the name of Jacquard, attended by four men, came in to look for him. Vidocq went up to Jacquard, and led him to a pantry with a window in the door. "If you are looking for that rascal Vidocq," he said, "hide here, and you will see him. I will make a sign to you when he comes in." The sergeant led his men into the pantry, and Vidocq turned the key. Then, crying to his prisoners, "It is Vidocq who has locked you in; farewell!" — he went off at his leisure, leaving the sergeant, mad with fury, trying to kick down the door.

But such bravado could not long escape scot-free. A few days later he was caught, was taken to the Tower, and was locked up in a dungeon with a culprit named Calendrin. Calendrin had already worked a secret hole half through his wall; and with Vidocq's help the task went forward

gaily. The third night all was ready; the moment of escape arrived; and Vidocq, stripped stark naked, thrust himself into the hole. To his horror and dismay the passage held him like a trap. He could not stir; his agony became unbearable; and he was forced to call the sentry. The guards rushed up with torches. He was tugged out, flayed and bleeding, and dragged off to another cell, where he was vigilantly guarded.

But soon his trial came on. With eighteen other culprits he was taken to the court. The entrance of the ante-room, in which they waited, was guarded by a corporal with a troop of soldiers. The prisoners were attended by two gendarmes. One of these put down his hat and cloak to go into the court. In an instant Vidocq slipped them on, took a prisoner by the arm, and led him to the door. The corporal threw it open, and the pair walked out into the street. An escape so prompt, so simple, so audacious, is sufficient of itself to mark a master-mind.

Vidocq went off to hide with Francine. They resolved to fly to Belgium. But on the eve of their departure Vidocq stole abroad, and chanced upon a girl of his acquaintance, who took him home with her to supper. Francine, at this neglect, went mad with jealousy. She vowed to call the guards and hand him over to the retribution which his infidelity deserved. Willing to let the storm blow over, Vidocq left her, and lay for five days hidden in a suburb of the city. Then, dressed as a country bumpkin, he returned to make his peace. But instead of finding Francine, as he expected, he was seized by the police, was dragged to prison, and was accused, to his amazement, of attempted murder. As he stood before the magistrate a door flew open, and a girl, supported by two gendarmes, staggered, white as death, into the court, cast her eyes upon him, broke into a shriek, and fainted. The girl was Francine! A few hours after his departure she had been discovered lying senseless in a pool of blood, stabbed in five places, and with Vidocq's knife beside her. As soon as she could speak, she had declared that in a fit of jealous passion she had stabbed herself. But her story was suspected; for their quarrel had been overheard, and it was thought that she desired to screen him. Vidocq's narrative confirmed her story. But he had had a near escape. Had Francine's hand but struck a little surer, he must infallibly have ended his career by an assassin's death.

His life was safe; but he was once

again in prison, with the galleys waiting to receive him. A few days afterwards a strange thing happened. The gaoler left his door unfastened. In the grey dawn, while all the prison was asleep, he walked out of his cell.

The gatekeeper had that moment slipped into a tavern opposite; but as Vidocq issued from the gate, he rushed out bawling in pursuit. Vidocq escaped by speed of foot; but the city gates were guarded, and he could not leave the town. At dusk he gained the ramparts, glided down a rope, fell fifteen feet into the fosse, and sprained his ankle. He was discovered by a carter, who, with striking kindness, drove him to his hut in the next village, rubbed his sprain with soap and brandy, and kept him hidden for some days.

Thence Vidocq made his way to Ostend. He wished to sail for India; but he had no papers, and no skipper would convey him. In this predicament, he joined a gang of smugglers, with whom he helped to run ashore by starlight some kegs of muslin and tobacco. But the custom officers attacked the party; two smugglers were shot dead; and Vidocq, though the bullets missed him, caught a chill, and fell into a fever. One night's experience was sufficient for him. He decided that he did not care to be a smuggler.

Moreover, he was dying to see Francine. He resolved to venture back to Lille. On the road, two gendarmes who were drinking at a wine-shop asked him for his papers, and, on finding that he had none, took him to the guard-house. A brigadier of Lille, who had seen him at the prison, happened to come in, and recognized him. He was conveyed to Lille, and thence to Douai, where he was locked up once more.

He shared the dungeon of a pair of desperadoes who were already scheming an escape by burrowing beneath the pavement, and thence through the prison wall. The three now worked by turns. One man was always in the hole; while, in case the guards should enter unexpectedly, a shirt and vest, stuffed out with straw, lay on the bed to represent him. The rubbish from the hole was thrown into the river Scarpe, which ran below the window. The work was slow, for the walls were five feet thick; but after two months' labor the last stone was reached. At dead of night the captives knocked it out. But they had, in error, made the hole too low. To their horror and dismay, the river rushed in like a mill-race. The turnkeys

heard them bawl, ran up with lights, and found them splashing in the flood. Dripping and crestfallen, they were hoisted out, and lodged in separate cells.

A little after, Vidocq was conducted to a den in the town hall, a narrow, wet, and pitchy dungeon, in which he passed eight days cramped up among the sodden straw, with both hands fettered to his ankle-rings. His very misery inspired him with a scheme. On being put into a coach to be conducted to his former prison, he, with a handkerchief across his eyes, as if the daylight dazzled them, sat feebly huddled in a corner. His guards, contemptuous of so weak a captive, soon relaxed their vigilance. All at once he dropped the handkerchief, threw open the coach door, bounded out into the road, and was off like the wind. Almost before the gaping guards, impeded by their sabres and jack-boots, had struggled from the coach, the fugitive was out of sight and danger.

But, in truth, a fugitive of Vidocq's character was never out of danger. He reached Dunkirk, and there struck up a friendship with the supercargo of a Swedish brig, who promised him a berth. But before the brig set sail, Vidocq, in his sailor's dress, was taken up for brawling at a pot-house, was suspected, from his lack of papers, to have escaped from prison, was taken back to Douai, and locked up once more.

And now his trial, repeatedly postponed by his escapes, at last came on. Of the forgery of the order of release he was entirely innocent; for the conspirators who had used his cell had told him nothing of their purpose. Appearances, however, damned him. He was condemned to eight years at the galleys.

The chain of galley-slaves, linked two by two, set out upon the march for Brest. By day they toiled on foot, dragging a weight of fifteen pounds at either ankle, or rode upon long wagons, while their irons, white with hoar-frost, struck cold into their bones. At night they huddled like foul beasts in cattle-stalls or stables, and munched a crust of mouldy bread. Yet the march was paradise beside the Bagne at Brest. The first appearance of that home of woe — of the vast grim dens, in each of which six hundred cut-throats, thieves, and rake-hells, dressed in the red frocks, the sail-cloth trousers, and the green caps of galley-felons, sat in endless rows — in which no sound was audible amidst the ceaseless clank of bolts and ankle-rings, except some curse or filthy jest — in which no sight was visible but

haggard eyes, shorn heads, and faces of despair — these things awoke the horror of the boldest. Such was the place, and such the company, in which the luckless Vidocq was condemned to wear away eight years.

But the prison was not built that could hold Vidocq for eight years. His wits went instantly to work. Some of the galley-slaves possessed more freedom than the rest, and were wont to smuggle articles into the prison. Vidocq obtained from one of these a file, a sailor's shirt and trousers, and a wig. That night he cut his fetters nearly through, and, with a dexterity which gulled the sentries, put on the sailor's dress beneath his convict's frock. Next day his gang was sent to work the pumps. He watched his moment, slipped behind a stack of timber, stripped off his galley frock and trousers, popped on his wig, snapped his nearly severed fetters, and before the guards had missed him, was off into the town.

But to pass the city gate was thought impossible for fugitives. It was watched by an old galley-slave, Lachique by name, who was celebrated for the eagle eye with which he could distinguish a cropped head beneath the closest cap, or the most imperceptible dragging of a leg accustomed to the fetter. But Lachique that day had met his match. Vidocq, in his wig and sailor's suit, came gaily up and asked him for a pipe-light. The old man gave it with the utmost courtesy; and Vidocq walked off, puffing, through the gate.

He took the road for Cannes. For two days all went well; but on the third he met two gendarmes, who asked him for his papers. Vidocq was ready with a story: his name was Duval, born at l'Orient, a deserter from the frigate *Cocarde*. Duval was no imaginary being; such was the name of a real sailor, of whom he had heard spoken at the Bagne. In accordance with this story, he was led to l'Orient, and was lodged, as a deserter, in the naval prison. There, among other captives, was a sailor who looked at him with a mysterious smile. "My boy," said he, "I do not know you, but you are not Augustus Duval, for he died two years ago at Martinico." Then, as Vidocq stood dumbfounded, he continued, "But no one knows that he has hopped the twig; you can pass for him with ease; he ran away to sea when very young; and I can tell you all about his family. But you must have his mark upon your arm — a tattooed altar with a garland." Then the

new friends laid their heads together. They pelted a sentinel with crusts of bread, for which they were locked up for punishment in a solitary cell. There, with a bunch of needles dipped in Indian ink, the sailor pricked on Vidocq's arm the altar and the garland. A fortnight later he was taken from his cell to be confronted with his family. He fell upon his father's neck; and his father, his mother, his uncle, and his cousin, all recognized with joy their lost Augustus!

His kinsfolk filled his purse with louis, and he was sent off, still in custody, to join his ship, which was in harbor at St. Malo. His fate now hung upon his chances of escaping by the way; but when the party entered Quimper he had found no means to dupe his guards. Then he resolved to try his chance as a sick man. He munched tobacco for two days, until he gave himself a gastric fever, and was ordered to be sent to the infirmary. There he soon found out that one of the attendants, who had been a convict, could be prevailed upon, for lucre, to procure him a disguise, and to show him where to scale the garden wall. A disguise was not so easily obtained; but Vidocq hit upon a scheme of strange and ludicrous audacity. When Sister Frances, the tallest and the stoutest nurse in the infirmary, had gone to early matins, Vidocq's confederate stole into her cell, and helped himself to a nun's robe and bonnet with a veil. Vidocq put them on. The two conspirators crept out, before the dawn, into the garden, where Vidocq, with the help of his companion's shoulder, scaled the wall with ease.

Before the sun rose he had walked two leagues. At ten o'clock he reached a little hamlet with a church. The sexton of the church, a little busy village gossip, besought the weary nun to rest and take refreshment at the vicar's house. The vicar, a kindly grey old man, was on the point of celebrating mass. Vidocq was pressed to join the service, and consented; but the awkward style in which he made the signs and genuflections, very nearly let his secret slip. Then, with the vicar and the sexton, he sat down to breakfast, where, although he was so starved that he could easily have cleared the table, he was forced to nibble like a mouse. He announced that he was bound upon a pilgrimage of penance. "For what sin, dear sister?" asked the busy little sexton. "Alas, dear brother," replied the simple nun, "for the sin of curiosity." And the sexton, at that answer, held his peace.

With the vicar's blessing he resumed his journey. A week later he reached Nantes. In that city was a robbers' tavern, of which a fellow-convict had informed him. He sought the house, knocked, gave the watchword, and was ushered by the landlady through a sliding panel into a low room, in which eight men and women were engaged in playing cards and drinking brandy. At the sudden entrance of a nun they stared in stark amazement. But in an instant, to their wonder and delight, he dropped his robe and veil, and appeared before them as the famed escaper.

Next day, he discovered on his bed a parcel of new clothes and linen. In return for this good fellowship he found himself expected to assist to break into a house. But Vidocq had by this time seen enough of crime and criminals, and had resolved to lead henceforth an honest life. He secretly exchanged his clothes for a smock-frock, and, with a stick and bundle, started off again upon his wanderings.

Two days later he reached Cholet, in La Vendée, a town of battle-battered ruins, black with fire, in which nothing was left standing but the steeple. Soldiers were watering their horses in the holy vessels of the church, and getting up a dance among the wreckage. A cattle-fair was being held among the ruins of the market. Vidocq, in his yokel's frock, addressed a farmer, and was hired to drive a herd of beasts as far as Sceaux. It was the custom of the cattle-drovers to sell the forage of the oxen committed to their charge, and to turn the profits into brandy. But Vidocq was a model drover. At Sceaux his bullocks were worth twenty francs a head above the price of any others. His master, in an ecstasy, offered to engage him as his foreman. But Vidocq had resolved to make his way to Arras; and he accordingly declined.

He started, and the third day reached the town. His friends received him as one risen from the dead. But, even in disguise, the danger of discovery was great, and he resolved to hide himself in Holland. At Rotterdam he fell in with a Frenchman who was pressing sailors for the Dutch. The knave invited him to dinner, and put a drug into his wine. When Vidocq woke up from his stupor he found himself on board of a Dutch brig-of-war.

The crew, two hundred landmen, pressed by force or trickery, were a lamentable herd of lubbers. One was a book-keeper; another was a gardener; another,

like Vidocq, was a soldier. Not one in ten could keep his legs, or knew the difference between port and starboard. But every man of them was perfectly acquainted with the boatswain's rope's-end, which at the slightest provocation descended on their backs. Resistance seemed a dream; for a guard of five-and-twenty soldiers watched them with cocked muskets. But no guard was close enough for Vidocq. He hatched a plot among his fellow-slaves. A hundred and twenty of them watched their moment, and when half the guards were sitting down to dinner, seized the whole troop, and locked them in the hold. One of the mutineers, a sailor, was set to steer the vessel. But unluckily this man turned out to be a traitor. He ran the ship beneath the cannon of a fort, to which he made a secret signal. A boat of officers and men put off from shore. Escape was hopeless; for at a sign the fortress could have blown them all out of the water. The party came on board. Vidocq, as the ringleader, was seized, and would probably have ended his career by swinging at a yard-arm, had not his companions sworn, with one accord, that if he suffered the least injury, they would throw a torch into the magazine and blow the ship into the air. The officials thought it best to gain the service of a man so powerful. The mutineers were pardoned; the hardships of their life were mitigated; and Vidocq rose to be an officer, with the rank of bombardier.

And now for a short time his lot was useful, quiet, and contented. But fate was not to let him be so long. The French authorities were on the watch for Frenchmen pressed on board the vessels of the Dutch. Vidocq sought refuge on a pirate-ship; but even here misfortune dogged him. A band of gendarmes came suddenly on board one morning, to look for an escaped assassin. They failed to find the man they wanted—but they found Augustus Duval the deserter, with whose escape in a nun's dress the ears of the police were ringing. To Vidocq's infinite disgust, he found himself led off in custody, and turned into a galley-slave once more.

At Douai, his old quarters, the turnkeys who had previously had charge of him discovered his identity. He was sent to Toulon with the chain-gang, and placed in the department of the dangerous captives. He was now worse off than at the Bagne at Brest. There, as a working convict, he was sent out daily with his gang;

but now he sat by day, and stretched his limbs at night, among the riff-raff of the galleys, upon the same eternal bench to which his chains secured him. The sentry's eye was never off him. Escape from this department was impossible. But how could he contrive to get himself removed? At last, one night, as he was lying half asleep upon his bench, a project flashed upon his mind.

Next day, when the inspector came his round, he burst into a prayer for mercy. He was, he said, the victim of a fatal likeness to his brother, who was the Vidocq so renowned for his escapes. He was an injured innocent. Yet he did not ask for freedom. All that he begged was to be saved from the society of villains, though he should pass his life in fetters at the bottom of a loathsome dungeon. He played his part with such reality that the inspector listened with belief and pity. His first step was gained. He was ordered to be placed among the working convicts.

His state was now the same as it had been at Brest; and he proceeded to escape in the same manner. As before, he put on a disguise beneath his convict's frock; as before, he slipped away without discovery; as before, he reached the city gate. But here he found, to his dismay, that no one was allowed to pass without a green card given by a magistrate. As he stood in great perplexity, he heard the cannon of the fortress fire three shots, which told that his escape had been discovered. He trembled; but at the moment of despair, he saw a coffin with a train of followers, proceeding to the burial ground outside the city. Vidocq mingled with the sad procession, burst into a flood of tears, and passed in safety through the gateway as a wailing mourner.

He walked till five o'clock that evening, when he fell in with a stranger with a gun and game-bag, whom at first he took to be a sportsman, and with whom he struck up an acquaintance. This new friend asked him to his cottage, and set him down to supper on a kid and onions. Then the stranger told his story. He was one of sixty honest citizens who had refused to serve the press-gangs, and had retreated to the woods in self-defence. If Vidocq chose to join the brotherhood, he was willing to present him. Vidocq jumped at the proposal. Next day they journeyed to a solitary hut among the mountains, where he was welcomed by his new companions and by their leader, Captain Roman. But he soon discovered that his friend had

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duped him. The next night he was sent out with a party to waylay a diligence. The honest citizens were a gang of highway robbers!

Vidocq was now in a predicament. If he attempted to escape, he ran the risk of being shot; if he became a bandit, he ran the risk of being hanged. A curious freak of chance delivered him. One night he was awakened by a bandit screaming out that he had lost his purse. Vidocq, as the last recruit, was the first to be suspected. In an instant, he was seized and stripped; and the brand of the galley-slave was discovered on his shoulder. A roar of rage went up. A galley-slave!—a rogue!—perhaps a spy! It was resolved to shoot him on the spot. A firing-party was told off; Vidocq heard the muskets click; but even in that peril he preserved his readiness. He drew the captain of the gang apart, and proposed to him a stratagem to discover the true thief. The captain listened, and consented. He prepared a bunch of straws, and bade the superstitious brigands each to draw one. "The guilty man," he said, "will draw the longest." All drew; the straws were re-examined; and one, held by Joseph d'Osiolles, was found shorter than the rest. The captain turned upon him furiously. "You are the thief," he said. "The straws were all of equal length. A guilty terror made you shorten yours." D'Osiolles was seized and searched, and the purse, fat with ill-got booty, was found hidden in his belt.

Vidocq was saved. But the captain told him that with all regret, he could not keep a galley-slave among his band. As he spoke, he slipped into his hand fifteen gold pieces, and bade him go in peace, and hold his tongue.

Vidocq went with a glad heart. He put on a smock-frock, scraped acquaintance with some wagoners, and drove a team as far as Lyons. Thence he made his way to Arras. His father was now dead; but he took refuge with his mother, who placed him in a safe concealment. But Vidocq's recklessness was still his failing. On Shrove Tuesday he was fool enough to go to a masked ball, apparelled as a marquis. A girl of his acquaintance guessed his secret, and whispered it among the company. The rumor reached the hearing of two sergeants, who were there on duty. They stepped up to the pretended marquis, and bade him follow them into the court. He did so; but as they were proceeding to untie his mask, he knocked them down like lightning, and

raced into the street. The sergeants darted after him. Vidocq soon outstripped them; but presently he found, to his dismay, that he had run into a cul-de-sac. As the sergeants rushed up to secure him, he snatched a house-key from a door, and pointing it, in the dim light, as if it were a pistol, swore to blow out the brains of the first man who touched him. The guards recoiled; he darted past them, and in a moment was beyond pursuit.

The sergeants, returning chopfallen from the chase, gave out that he had fired two bullets at their heads. Nor was this lie by any means the most ridiculous which the discomfited police invented to maintain their credit with the simple. One gendarme swore that Vidocq was a werewolf. Another gravely related that one day, when he himself had seized his collar, the fugitive had turned himself into a truss of hay, of which, in just displeasure, he had made a bonfire.

But, wizard or no wizard, Vidocq found that Arras was too hot to hold him. He left the town; but he had only jumped out of the frying-pan to fall into the fire. He was trudging, as a pedlar, from the fair of Nantes, when he was recognized and seized, placed among a chain-gang, and set out upon the march to Douai.

While on the road he was secured one night within the citadel at Bapaume. Next morning, while the prisoners were being counted in the barrack-yard, and while the notice of the guards was taken by the sudden entrance of another gang, Vidocq spied a baggage-wagon just about to leave the yard. In an instant he had slipped in at the back. The wagon jogged out of the city; and Vidocq, while the driver was stopping for a tankard at a tavern, glided from his hiding-place, and concealed himself till nightfall in a field of maize.

He wandered to Boulogne, where he fell in at a tavern with a crew of pirates, who, having just put into harbor with a prize, were roaring songs in chorus, filching kisses from the pretty women, and getting all as drunk as pipers. Vidocq joined these merry buccaneers. A few days afterwards they put to sea. At first they were unlucky; but one midnight, off Dunkirk, a sail was seen to glitter in the moonlight. The pirates boarded with such fury that within ten minutes the black flag was flying from the masthead of the prize. But they had lost twelve men. One of these, Lebel, who formerly had been a corporal, so curiously resembled Vidocq, that they were constantly mistaken. Vi-

docq hit upon a lucky thought. Before the corpse was stitched into the sack of sand in order to be thrown into the sea, he took possession of the dead man's pocket-book and passport. He resolved to be no longer Vidocq, the escaping galley-slave, but Lebel, the corporal.

At Boulogne, to which the ship returned, he joined a company of gunners. As Lebel he took at first the rank of corporal; but his zeal and steadiness soon marked him for promotion. One night, when he was on his rounds, he spied the twinkle of a light within the powder-magazine. He darted in. A lamp was set beneath a powder-cask; the wood was taking fire; another instant, and the building would be blown into the air. Vidocq rushed up, seized the lamp, stamped out the sparks, and saved the magazine. The keeper of the stores, who had contrived this scheme in order to conceal his thieveries, had disappeared. Six weeks afterwards he was discovered lying in a wheat-field, with a pistol by his side, and a bullet through his head.

Vidocq, for this act of promptitude, was made a sergeant. And now at last his path seemed clear before him. Lebel, the sergeant, was a rising soldier. Vidocq, the galley-slave, was at the bottom of the sea.

But how long was this to last? Not long. Fate made him quarrel with a certain quartermaster. They drew, and Vidocq wounded his opponent in the breast. On stripping off the quartermaster's shirt to staunch the hurt, Vidocq perceived a serpent's head tattooed upon his chest, the tail of which went round one arm and coiled about an anchor. Vidocq recognized the serpent; he had seen it at the galleys. The quartermaster, like himself, was an escaper; and what was worse, at the same instant he looked eagerly at Vidocq, and recalled his face to mind.

The pair of galley-slaves, thus strangely met, struck up a show of friendship. Each swore to keep the other's secret; but the quartermaster proved a traitor, and conveyed a hint to the police. At five o'clock one morning Vidocq was arrested, bound with ropes, and once more started on the march to Douai. His dream was over. Lebel was dead in earnest, and the old Vidocq was alive once more.

At Douai, where he was detained some months, he sometimes ate his dinner in the gaoler's room, of which the window, opening at a dizzy height above the river Scarpe, had been left without a grating. One evening, after dinner, Vidocq watched

his moment, bounded through the window, and made the giddy plunge into the river. The window was so far aloft that the astounded gaoler failed to spy him swimming in the twilight down the stream. The banks were searched; his hat was found; but unhappily for the pursuers his head was not inside it. By that time, he had reached the water-gate beneath the city walls, dived under it, and found himself outside the town. Then, gasping and exhausted, he dragged himself to land.

He dried his dripping garments at the oven of a friendly baker, and again made off across the country. For some days he hid himself at Duisans in the cottage of a captain's widow, an old friend. Thence, in a disguise, he made his way to Paris, where, buried in the heart of the great city, he conceived a hope of living unobserved. His mother joined him, and with her assistance he acquired the shop and business of a master-tailor. Ludicrous as the idea appears to those who know his character, for eight months Vidocq handled patterns, measured customers, and, what is more, grew prosperous and contented. But his disasters were not over. One day he chanced to come across Chevalier, his wife's brother, whom the world had used so basely that, instead of sending lords and ladies to the guillotine, he had just come out of gaol for stealing spoons. This reptile worked on Vidocq's trepidation, drained him of his money, and as soon as he had sucked him dry, betrayed him to the guards, with whom it was his aim to curry favor.

A few days afterwards, at daybreak, a band of gendarmes knocked at Vidocq's door. He rushed into a neighbor's attic and concealed himself beneath a mattress, where the searchers, though they shook the mattress, failed to find him. Then he took lodgings with a coiner by the name of Bouhin. But Bouhin also turned against him. At three o'clock one night a party came to seize him. Vidocq, in his shirt, jumped out of bed, dashed up the stairs, and crept out of a window on the tiles. But the pursuers were behind him; there was no escaping from the roof; and he was seized among the chimneys.

Vidocq was weary of escapes and captures. He took a vital resolution, a resolution which affected his whole future life. He wrote to M. Henry, the chief of the police, and offered him his service as a spy.

M. Henry wavered. There were points in Vidocq's favor — and there were points against him. His power was great and

might be of enormous value. The very qualities—the strength and courage, the ready-wittedness, the cunning in disguises—which had rendered him the dread of the police, might render him in turn the scourge of evil-doers. He could venture into slums and hells in which no officer durst show his face; for in these slums and hells he was a paragon—a hero—to whom the sharpest and boldest reprobate looked up as a disciple to a master. His skill in making an escape was regarded as unearthly; there was thought to be no turnkey at whom he could not snap his fingers, no fetters that he could not break in sunder, no wall through which he could not pierce his way. His advice was sought as if he were an oracle. Secrets of which the revelation would have hanged a dozen men were whispered eagerly into his ears. The lives of scores of gallows-birds were at his mercy. Turned loose among them, in appearance their confederate, but in secret their betrayer, he might well be of more profit to the cause of law than a battalion of armed men.

But was he to be trusted? M. Henry thought he might be trusted. He had committed no great crime—and he had lately done his best, when he was free, to lead an honest life. These things argued in his favor. It was decided to accept his offer, though not without a stringent guarantee. He was required to bring to justice every month a certain minimum of culprits; and it was understood that if he failed to reach the stipulated number, he was to be delivered to the hulks once more.

The compact was concluded on these terms. Vidocq was taken, handcuffed, from the prison, was put into a wicker car, was driven from the city, and was suffered to escape. The same evening he was loose among the cutthroats and the ring-droppers; in appearance, still a fugitive—in reality, a spy.

This act, the turning-point of his career, has given rise to very opposite opinions. In the eyes of his admirers, Vidocq was a penitent, who, turning resolutely from the paths of crime, gave up his varied talents to the service of the State. In the eyes of his detractors, he was a miscreant who turned sneak to save his skin. The truth lies between the two extremes. Vidocq was not a beau-ideal of virtue; but, wild and graceless as his youth had been, he was a bird of very different feather from the rabble of the hulks. His only proper cause of quarrel with the law had been the punching of a rival's head. His

prison glory was not of his own seeking. With the Yahoos of the galleys, among whom he had been forced to live, he considered that he broke no faith, because he owed none. Moreover, the word spy is apt to be misleading; for, at least to English ears, spy, sneak, and coward are all tarred with the same brush. But Vidocq's undertaking was not merely that of an approver; it was also that of an arsester; and how far that task was fitted for a coward or a fool may easily be judged by the examples of his captures—a few among a thousand—which it has now become our business to describe.

His first achievement was the capture of a coiner by the name of Watrin—a fierce and cunning desperado, who had completely baffled the police. Vidocq tracked him to his lair above a certain cobbler's shop. At midnight he went, single-handed, to the spot, met, by chance, the coiner at the doorway, and rushed instantly upon him. Watrin dealt him a tremendous blow, and darting back into the building through a window, snatched up the cobbler's knife. To follow was to rush on certain death; for the ruffian, armed with such a weapon, was as dangerous as a wounded beast of prey. But Vidocq used his wits. He made a sound like that of steps retreating; Watrin put his head out of the window to make sure that he was gone; and in an instant Vidocq seized him by the hair. The bravo struggled furiously; but gradually Vidocq, by sheer strength of muscle, dragged him through the window, and the pair fell, locked together, to the ground. Before his enemy could use his weapon, Vidocq wrenched it from his grasp, bound his arms, and dragged him single-handed to the guard-house. M. Henry and the officers on duty could scarcely trust their eyes when they beheld the pair come in.

Watrin (who was hanged) was a mere savage. St. Germain was a rascal of a different dye. This rogue, a clerk turned felon, was a dandy and a wit, and so great a master of the graces, that in spite of his pig eyes, his pock-marked cheeks, and his mouth like a hyæna's, the ladies of his circle thought him charming. St. Germain had conceived a spirited design—to climb one night into a banker's garden, to break into the house, to knock the inmates on the head, and to go off with the cash-box. He had already two confederates, but he required a third; and he invited Vidocq. Vidocq, who thought he saw his way to take the rogues red-handed, readily consented. But he soon found

that he had been too hasty. The scheme was to come off that very night, at midnight. As yet it was not noon; but St. Germain, who like Sampson Brass's father Foxey, suspected every one on principle, whether friends or foes, required that they should spend the interval together in his lodgings. The other two assented willingly; and Vidocq was compelled to do the same. But while his three companions were employed in cleaning pistols, and in putting a keen edge on murderous knives which, at the least suspicion of his falsity, would have plunged into his heart, he racked his brains for a device to send a line to the police. At last he found one. He remarked that at his lodgings he had some bottles of choice burgundy, which, if they could be fetched, would make the time fly gaily. The robbers roared in approbation. St. Germain's porter went off with the message; and Vidocq's mistress, Annette, brought the wine. Vidocq meantime had stretched himself upon the bed, and traced a few words secretly upon a scrap of paper, which, under the pretext of kissing Annette as she left them, he slipped into her hand. The scrawl instructed her to watch them in disguise, and to pick up anything he might let fall. He next proposed that, for precaution, he should be taken to inspect the place of action, which as yet he had not seen. The rest agreed. Locking their two companions in the room, St. Germain took him to the banker's garden, and showed him where they were to scale the wall. Vidocq had now learnt all he wanted. While St. Germain, on returning, stepped into a shop to purchase some black crape to use for masks, he scribbled his directions, and let fall the missive in the street. Annette, who was behind them in disguise, picked up the twist of paper and carried it to the police.

Midnight came; the confederates stole forth upon their deed of darkness, scaled the wall, and dropped into the garden. Vidocq was still astride upon the coping, when a party of police, who had been lurking in the shrubbery, sprang out upon the robbers. The latter fired their pistols; several officers were injured; but at last the rogues were struck down, seized, and bound. Vidocq, to play his part to the conclusion, tumbled from the wall, as if shot dead, and was carried off before the eyes of his companions under a white sheet.

Father Moiselet, whose story we have next to tell, was sexton bell-ringer, and chorister at the church of Livry. He was

by trade a cooper, and though commonly regarded as a saint in humble life, was in reality an oily hypocrite. His vicar, frightened at the rumored coming of the Cosacks at the first invasion, resolved to bury the church vessels in a barn. A friend of his, a wealthy jeweller, determined to conceal his diamonds in the same receptacle; and honest Father Moiselet was employed to dig the hole. The treasure was regarded as secure; but one day Moiselet came rushing to the vicar, just able to gasp out, "The hole!—the hole!" The vicar, nearly dead with terror, hurried to the barn. The hole was empty!

Vidocq was employed to trace the thief. He first had Moiselet arrested on suspicion. While the sexton was in prison he disguised himself as a Jew hawker, and called on Madame Moiselet, in the hope that she might offer him for sale a golden chalice, or a rope of diamonds. But, for reasons to be seen, the hope was idle. Then, as a German valet, he got himself arrested, and shut up with Moiselet in prison. He and the worthy sexton soon became the best of friends. The latter loved a glass of wine. In each of Vidocq's buttons a gold piece was sewn. He cut them off, a button at a time, called for bottle after bottle, and when his boon companion was in a merry vein, he told his story. His name was Fritz; his master was an Austrian officer; and he had stolen his havresac and buried it among the woods at Bondy. Moiselet was at first too wary to return this confidence; but he confessed that he was tired of Madame Moiselet, and that nothing would delight him better than to fly with his new friend to Germany, and to lead a merry life. That he could not lead a merry life on nothing was self-evident; and Vidocq now felt certain that he had the treasure. It was agreed that they should take the earliest chance of making an escape; and a chance was soon discovered. Vidocq secretly directed the police to take them to another prison, bound together by a slender cord. At a lonely corner of the road they snapped the cord, and plunged into the woods of Vaujours. No spot for their escape could have been better chosen. Presently the sexton looked about him, thrust his arm into a thicket, drew forth a spade, stripped off his coat, began to dig beneath a certain birch-tree, and speedily turned up the box of treasure. But as he gazed upon the spoil with glistening eyes, to his inexpressible dismay his colleague seized the

spade, threatened to knock him on the head if he resisted, and marched him off to meet his doom. The luckless sexton walked as if in stupefaction; but it is said that on the road he muttered over to himself a thousand times, "Who could have believed it! And he looked so green!"

These exploits, and a thousand of which these are merely typical examples, raised Vidocq's fame to a prodigious height. As a felon, he had been the prince of prison-breakers. He was now regarded, and with justice, as the greatest felon-catcher ever seen. Soon he rose to be chief agent of the Guard of Safety. For eighteen years the mingled skill and daring of his captures were without a parallel. It is said that, in that time, he cleared the slums of Paris of more than twenty thousand rogues. Yet the man who was the scourge of criminals was himself a galley-slave, for whom, if the authorities so willed, the fetters and the bench were still in waiting. At length, in 1827, he was considered to have earned his pardon. He had made sufficient money for his wants; and he resigned.

But the vicissitudes of fate were still before him. He started, with his little fortune, a card and paper factory at St. Mandé, in which all the workmen were old criminals. But his capital ran short; the neighbors grumbled at this colony of rogues among them; and the business had to be wound up. He then set up, at Paris, a Secret Information Office, which was, at first, a great success. But before long he was charged with wringing money from the fears of those whose secrets he acquired. He was arrested, tried, and though at last acquitted, was brought down to the verge of ruin.

He then resolved to try his fortune as a public entertainer. In 1845 he crossed to London, and produced his exhibition at the Cosmorama. His exploits were on every tongue; and thousands of spectators flocked into his show. Vidocq, at seventy, was a striking figure. No spectator could forget the tall form, now grown portly, in drab breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, the bull-neck, the strange face, sloping upwards like a pear, the ears pierced with slender, golden rings, the grizzled hair, and the bushy eyebrows above the steel-grey eyes which glittered like a lynx's. His performance must have been immensely entertaining. He told the story of his life; he donned his chains, his galley-dress, and the huge iron balls which he had worn at Brest; he brought forth

relics of great malefactors — Fieschi's coat, Paparonie's cap, the crucifix which Raoul had used in the last cell; he related his escapes, and his most famous captures — and as he told his stories, he changed his face and decked himself in the disguise which he had worn on each occasion, and appeared successively before the eyes of the spectators as a pick-pocket, a coal-heaver, a galley-slave, a Jew, a scullion, and a nun.

By this performance, Vidocq cleared enough to buy himself a small annuity. He retired to Paris, and there lived quietly in lodgings until 1857, when, at the great age of eighty-two, he was struck down with paralysis. On finding his end near, he sent for a confessor, and — so whimsical a thing is human nature — he greatly edified the holy man by dying like a saint. One trifling peccadillo he perhaps forgot to mention. The breath had scarcely left his body, when ten lovely damsels, each provided with a copy of his will which left her all his property, arrived upon the scene. Alas for all the ten! Vidocq had always loved the smiles of beauty, and had obtained them by a gift which cost him nothing. He had left his whole possessions to his landlady.

From All The Year Round.
ROMAN LIFE.

PART I.

"WE esteem ourselves happy in your arrival among us," said to me the pretty daughter of the house to which I had been directed in search of rooms for my sojourn in Rome. She said this when we had known each other rather less than a day; and I could not mistrust her words when I read them by the light of her beautiful eyes.

"If it please you, why?" I asked; for I had already conceived misgivings about the position in which I was likely to stand towards the large, hearty, Roman dame and her pretty daughter, who, between them, were the tenants of the flat of No. 9 in the street.

"Because, signor, when your carriage came to the door, my mother and I were looking at the book of numbers, for the lottery-drawing, you understand; and we were in extreme doubt what to do. It was all arranged in one minute when we had seen you, and let our rooms to you."

"And how, in the name of Heaven, Signorina Celeste?" for such was her

name; of which may she never prove unworthy.

"Why, you are almost dull, Signor Carlo. It was in this way. You were a stranger; you are dark, and, if you will allow us to think so, sufficiently beautiful to be called beautiful in the book"—"bello" was her phrase, which I venture to translate as much in my favor as possible—"also, you came to do us a service. 'A beautiful stranger and benefactor' gave us a clue; and so we have taken a 'terno'"—a series of three numbers—"to represent you, and we hope to win on Saturday."

"I sincerely hope you may," said I.

Of course, when Saturday came, and the drawing was made, they found that they had built a most unsubstantial castle of hope upon my apparition in their midst. I condoled with them as much as my imperfect knowledge of sentimental Italian, and my good sense would allow me to; and I ventured further to suggest that they would, of course, not risk, in so imbecile a manner, any more of the francs by which they came so hardly.

"Why, Signor Carlo," exclaimed the mother, with decision, "you are remarkably weak in the head. Of course we shall continue. We invest every Saturday; and when we win the great prize, we shall withdraw to a lovely little property near Ancona, which was my grandfather's, on the mother's side, and where the wine is so good, that there is none anywhere else in Italy to compare with it."

This time I held my tongue. You may argue with some pleasure, and perhaps with some persuasive result, with a Roman maiden; but with a Roman matron, it seems to me, by no means. These portly, stern-faced dames inherit, in some mysterious way, at least the semblance of those great qualities which made their ancestors cut so mighty a figure in the world's history. At heart, no doubt, they are as impressionable as their dear sisters all the world over. But in one's travels, one has not always the time to sound those sweet depths that lie hid under an exterior which does not attract, even if it does not positively repel.

Now the Signorina Celeste had a brother as well as a mother. The youth was of quite another order of beings. He was small and thin, with a large Roman nose, a delicate complexion, small hands and feet, and a highly enlightened appreciation for fine clothes, and the tricks of fashion. A Roman of the time of Julius Cæsar could, I imagine, have broken this

boy, Achille—for so he was called—across his knee, as easily as you or I would break a stick of macaroni with two fingers.

I learned to understand Achille, when I heard him one morning storm in a most unmanly way at his pretty little sister, for proposing to go to St. Peter's, to hear a certain mass. To be sure, he fell silent quickly enough when his mother appeared, and demanded, in a deep, bass voice what was the matter. But, ere this, the fair Celeste was in tears. She and her mother were devout; loved the Church, and all its ceremonies and institutions; deplored the situation of the pope; and would, if they could, have banished King Humbert and the royal court a hundred miles from the city. Achille, on the other hand, was a typical Roman youth of the period. He called his Holiness many rude names; vilified the priests without mercy; and had not the least scruple to proclaim himself, with so many of his superiors, an atheist of the most uncompromising kind. His views of human nature, human effort, and the varied features of life and the world were fitly signified by that epitaph over the Cardinal Barberini in the Capuchin Church: "*Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, et nihil*" (Here lies dust, ashes, and nothing besides). As for the mass, he would, he said, as soon think of participating in such a superstitious and absurd reunion, as he would of joining in one of those sacred cannibalistic revels of the old Aztecs—who were wont to sacrifice living men to their dumb, grisly idols, and afterwards cut up and eat the victims as if they had been so many sheep and oxen.

"You will go out of the house, Achille," said mamma, when she saw the diamond tears glistening on her daughter's cheek. "The English gentleman will not have a very noble opinion of you unless in the future you can get your tongue to be more reticent. So go at once. And, Celeste, my dove, we will proceed to dress ourselves for the function."

Achille believed in nothing, except the desirability of having as many francs as he could spend, and more. Mamma and Celeste believed in everything they wished to believe in; the lottery, the Church, the possibility of a brilliant matrimonial alliance for Celeste, and much else.

Between them they were admirable representatives of the discordancies which abound in Rome nowadays, as they abound nowhere else. The women were on the side of the pope and the past; the man was all for the king, his anti-clerical mis-

ster, and the glorious future that king, minister, the voice of the people, and inscrutable, irresistible destiny were, in combination, contriving for Italy and the Italians.

The women were vastly excited about the preaching of a certain monk whom the pope had licensed to preach in one of the chief churches of Rome every day during Lent. These sermons were a sensation of the times. All the women who could go to hear them went; and rather than miss their chance of hearing the friar, were content to stand for hours outside the church, awaiting the opening of the doors to let them and their camp-stools within. Some made a point of attending daily, with the same method that led them to eat, and sleep, and put on their clothes. It was a wonderful and signal demonstration of the divine good-will, this eloquence of the poor, humble friar on behalf of his spiritual master, on earth, his Holiness Pope Leo the Thirteenth.

I am sorry to say, in furtherance of my parallel between the sympathies of the sexes in Rome, that I believe, so far from bearing this friar any love or respect for his unselfish exertions, Master Achille was one of a band of ruffianly young conspirators who not only reviled the good man in the newspapers, under the cloak of anonymity, but also threw oyster-shells at him when he withdrew from the church to his monastery, after his labors of the morning, and who were responsible for the ungenerous scribbles which now, as never before, besmirched the city walls and pillars on the subject of the conflict of the Church and State in general, and this champion preacher in particular.

I have invaded the privacy of this Roman household in order that my readers may form some idea of the schismatic condition of the Eternal City in the present day. The newspapers fight duels with each other; stranger quarrels with stranger; and the family itself is divided in civil war—upon the great and "burning" question of the day, as it is called. This question has become more "burning" than ever since the secularists last spring publicly, and under the patronage of Signor Crispi, unveiled a statue of Giordano Bruno in the heart of Rome—that Giordano whom the Catholic Church a few centuries ago judged worthy to be burnt for a heretic, and duly did burn.

This question apart, however, one may live in Rome with lively pleasure and much tranquillity. Though the pope has deprived his faithful subjects of the enter-

tainment they formerly had in his constant presence in their midst, and the pompous celebration of the chief festivals of the year, he has not shut the city churches; and it would need a vast extinguisher to hide the many ruins and natural features which endear Rome to one's heart.

At first, perhaps, one is a little out of humor with the famous city. Until you have lost your way in it twenty times, and come as often upon some engaging old relic of antiquity hid behind a big palace, or shadowed by one of the new blocks which the speculators are raising with such speed, until then, I say, you will not have much chance to realize that Rome differs very materially from London.

To be sure, the faces of the people are of a southern cast, and in London one does not, unhappily, see pretty girls with their own tresses hanging to the ankle. Nor does one, in our metropolis, pay but five-pence, as here, in remuneration to a cabman for an ordinary drive within the city. English architecture, too, is decidedly less impressive than the huge houses of the nobility, which stand among the shops, or as sides to the squares of the city. In England, again, it would seem odd if the shops themselves, as in the Corso of Rome, were so largely used for the sale of what are called articles of devotion—crosses, reliquaries, miniatures of the masterpieces of Italy's painters, rosaries of every precious material, and the like. You would never suppose that Rome was an infidel city, if you paid it but a flying visit, and looked in the shop windows. It is well, however, to remember that hither still come the faithful from the four corners of the earth; and that it is they who are the chief purchasers of these attractive little treasures.

There is the same bustle here as in any other large city of modern times. Boys cry their papers, or signify their desire to black your boots. Carmen prowls about the streets in expectation of hire. Girls offer you flowers; indeed, they go much further than that—they thrust them into your coat and walk away with an arch, studied smile that says as plainly as a printed book: "You must pay me twice the price of the things now that I have condescended, with my own lovely hands, to deck your insignificant person." Beggars beg; and the more impatient passers-by tread on your toes.

It may seem absurd to talk of impatience in Rome in the sense of an ardent desire

to make haste. As if any one south of latitude forty-five degrees, or thereabouts, was ever concerned to hurry himself about anything! But such an objection is really quite antediluvian by this time. Italy under King Humbert has, by some subtle method of transfusion, acquired a good deal of the stir of the north. Spain is now out of question the slowest country in Europe. The average Roman, if he be so happy as to have a business of any kind, is anxious to be energetic while the sun of royalty shines over his head.

You must not, therefore, judge of other Romans by yonder group of dandies standing upon one leg, or leaning against the lintel of this or that coffee-house in the Corso. These youths are the scions of lofty houses, and thus they kill their time. What has a Colonna to do with trade that he should be called upon to bestir himself and behave like another man? Can a Borghese, or a Torlonia, or a Doria add new laurels to his house, that he should be required to uncross his legs, and throw his cigar of idleness to the ground? No, indeed. These are the great and revered ones of the city. I dare say they are the idols which the foolish young Achille has set up in the bereaved shrine of his heart, and at a word he would fall down and worship—their rent-rolls, and the esteem their high names procure for them.

The fact is, however, that even these youths are not half so inert as they may seem to you. Most people have their idle moments; but they are scrupulous to spend them alone. Our friends by the café, on the other hand, prefer to fill up the vacancies of their life in public. Towards evening their day begins, and they are hard at work amusing themselves—grim, futile task—long after their fellow-citizens have finished their first sleep of the night.

In another way, these lads may be said to be very much awake, even while thus killing the weakest hour of their twenty-four. If you are so happy as to possess a pretty sister, or a pretty young wife, and to be accompanied by her in your walks through the city, the moment you approach them, our idle friends will pull themselves together, and take great interest in you and your companion. They attitudinize magnificently. It is hard saying how their glances may affect your sister or your wife; but they are of a kind to make a sensation in the heart of the average Italian fair one upon whom they are concentrated. With them life is truly lived only when they are in the thrall of

such emotion as beauty stirs within them. They will follow a pretty face until their legs, or rather their horses', will bear them no longer, and even then their aspirations will continue the chase. If they are so fortunate as to run you to earth, to use a fox-hunting phrase, there may be trouble in store for you, and excitement for your partner in the chase. No man likes his wife to be courted by another man, specially before his eyes. Yet this may be the pleasurable experience that Fate offers you. There is not a doorkeeper in Rome who is not amenable to the wishes of a distinguished Roman nobleman. The consequence is, that ere you have been in the Holy City two days, your pretty wife may have received two or three separate letters from individuals who profess, on coroneted paper, an undying affection for her. The climax is reached when, on the third or fourth day, the young reprobates, though they have had no encouragement from your fond partner in this reproach, implore her to give them a rendezvous, to enable them, by word of mouth, to tell of the undying passion which consumes them. It is enough to make you very angry; and the more angry because you know that you are the subject of banter among these empty-headed aristocrats. I know families that have come eagerly to Rome, proposing to stay for a month or two; but their pleasure has been so much marred by the conduct of these youths, that, at the end of a week, they have thought themselves compelled to fly elsewhere. Beauty is nowhere the source of more trouble and responsibility than in the capital towns of Italy.

The obverse side to this eccentric picture must be shown.

Manners have so free a cast in this bold, untrammelled city, that even the ladies are under but little restraint in the expression of their heart's whisperings. Of course, we are not now in an epoch so iniquitous as that of the Cæsars. Nor, on the other hand, would it now be possible, as it was then, for the aggrieved husband to take the dagger, or phial of vengeance, in his own fingers, and mete out dire chastisement to his wicked wife. We live in a milder age. It is not outrageous, in the opinion of the Italian world, for an Italian wife to give two or three corners of her heart to men who are not her husband. So she does not openly shock society—by no means an easy task, be it said—she may even be as generous in this particular as she pleases. The worthy man whose name she has accepted as a pass-

port into the fulness of experience, will only make himself ridiculous if he ventures to demur to the warmth of tone with which she addresses men who are professedly her admirers. Her answer to him is stereotyped: "Have I not married you? What more would you have? For Heaven's sake, since I have consented to that sacrifice, let me have some reward! I do not say to you, 'Be so kind as to abstain from paying your attentions so effusively to the Countess C—, or Signora D—. I behave to you as I wish you to behave to me. We are both of mature age; life is short; its pleasures are ephemeral; the past cannot be recalled; let us live and enjoy while we may!'" To this the average husband, with divers misdeeds heavy as lead at the heart, has no reply. He can but shrug his shoulders, and spread forth his palms. And with this signal of submission he surrenders his wife to her will, and goes straightway to pay his respects to the Countess C—, or Signora D—.

The earlier satirists of the century, and previous to the time of the French Revolution, were never tired of depicting the humor of such life as this. The husband was ever a nonentity in his own house. Having, once for all, at the altar, given that happy woman, his wife, her freedom to act as she chose, it was his duty to trouble her as little as possible. And so society determined that it was his business to seek entertainment elsewhere, what time his fair spouse was receiving company of the kind she loved best to welcome. Only, when all was over, he might appear ceremoniously to bid her guests farewell, and to enter as the warder of the house for the watches of the night.

Much of this still remains in Italy—to the undying marvel of those of us who, from the North, become acquainted with so strange a phase of life. The fair matron of Rome does not behave in a manner vastly outrageous if she bestows the notice of her eyes upon this or that handsome stranger, whom she marks in the Corso, during the fashionable afternoon promenade. When her eyes have known him a little while, and he has begun to pique her interest, she will not think herself disgraced to all eternity, if, once in a way, she bows her noble head to him, so that he may, if he will, acknowledge her salutation by raising his hat. The ice broken, it is not difficult to advance this imaginary acquaintanceship, until it becomes a matter of fact. Either she takes a sudden fancy for a cream tart, at the moment when her

carriage and the handsome stranger are both at the same time at the door of the confectioner's shop; or she drops her handkerchief from the vehicle with equal discretion.

"You will take my arm, I beg!"—or, "Pray, madame, is not this handkerchief yours!" Thus the overture is at an end; and the play may be said to be well begun.

If the lady be accompanied by her husband, the poor fellow stands like a lonely hen balancing itself upon one leg. He is at his wife's service, since he has ventured to impose his society upon her. She may, or she may not, introduce the handsome stranger to him. It will not disturb his peace of mind if she overlooks him wholly. But in any case, and though he knows no more of the man than of the emperor of China, it will be his obvious duty if, when his wife has talked sufficiently to the stranger, she invites him to call upon her, to second his wife's wishes with a courteous eagerness, that seems to imply that he will be utterly unhappy for a year if the petitioner does not accede to his request.

It would, I am sure, astound some of my readers if they could see how rapidly such an introduction leads to intimacy—in Rome. What are tongues, faces, and hearts for—the Romans seem to ask—unless to be used according to the dictates of, shall we say, instinct? "It pleases me," confesses the matron to the stranger, "to see you, to talk to you, and to expose the sensitiveness of my poor heart to you. I do not feel that I am doing wrong. You of course have no such scruples, for the hardness of the masculine heart is well known to us unfortunate weak women. Can you tell me, then, why I may not give myself the indulgence of your company, since it is so great an enjoyment to me, and since you are so courteous as to acknowledge that you are not unwilling to be friendly with me?"

"Upon my soul, I can't," replies the stranger bluntly; and though, if he be, let us say, an Englishman, he is dimly conscious that his fellow-countrymen, and especially his fellow-countrywomen, would be prone to say some odd things about him if they could see him in his present situation, he continues to allow himself the privilege of looking into the dark eyes of this interesting Roman, who—not to pick words—seems to have taken such a fancy to him. Her servants are extremely deferential. Both they and their mistress call him Signor Carlo, or the Count Carlo, with a most agreeable disregard for his

more frigid surname. The husband, when he appears, or if they meet on the marble staircase leading to the *salon*, or even the thickly carpeted, lesser flight towards my lady's boudoir, is quite affectionately civil, and takes the stranger's one hand between his two diminutive palms with an earnestness that is half paternal and half patriarchal. In fact, the atmosphere of the place, once he has passed the gigantic porter of the palace, who stands all day at the door, in a cocked hat, and leaning on a stave with a golden head, is too romantic to be estimated seriously. It fascinates, however. And so it is probable, if the lady be not destitute of all the graces of her order and sex, ere long our friend becomes an *habitué* of the most welcome kind. The countess pours out her heart and her aspirations to him as if she had known him from her childhood. The yellow silk hangings of the dainty little room in which they meet, the Madonna by Sassoferrato, the two enormous vases from the Abruzzi factory, the little pug dog with silver bells round its neck, the perfume of the flowers which always comes forth halfway down the stairs to meet him, the jewelled ivory crucifix upon the writing-table consecrated to those short but expressive, little "billets doux" which she sends him so constantly—these among the other features of the house, the room, and the lady, get familiar to him as an old glove; and most familiar of all, is the tender, almost entreating look in the dark eyes of his hostess, and the sweet, glad smile with which she greets him.

When the sorrowful day of parting arrives, the lady may or may not offer her cheek to her friend, may or may not place with her own delicate fingers a ring of remembrance upon the stranger's hand, may or may not say that the time will seem long until she sees him again. But it is at least likely that she will ask the stranger if he thinks he has cause for self-reproach in this their abnormal friendship. Our hero will easily satisfy the lady in this respect. And, indeed, when all's said and done, and thought, he will find it just as easy to satisfy himself in his answer. There has been nothing wrong about the adventure; and his heart seems the larger for his experience.

In the old days, the ladies of Rome amused themselves with the Platonic friendship of those dignitaries of the Church who did not think the sex too dangerous to associate with. Nowadays, it is not the vogue for a cardinal or a bishop to dance attendance upon a fair face, any

more than it is common for other cardinals to devote their evenings to "faro" or "roulette" in their own palaces or the palaces of others.

What then? Are hearts also of different calibre, even as customs have changed? No, indeed. There is an old aching void in many a breast in Rome as elsewhere—a void which may be charmed away for a time by pleasant intercourse with what solace the world can afford it. This explains the ease—not to speak uncivilly—of life in Rome, and in other cities of Italy. It is well to know this, lest one be led to think harshly of fair ladies whose misfortunes, and the custom of the country, have tied to husbands for whom they neither have nor can be expected to have much sincere affection.

PART II.

DELIBERATE sightseeing is vanity everywhere, and perhaps nowhere more wearisome to body and mind than in Rome. The Italian sky is a constant reproach to the unhappy tourist whose necessities compel him to be here one hour, there the next, and no one, except his indefatigable guide—chartered for a programme—knows where the third hour. Moreover, there is peril in it. The seven hills of the city are not formidable in their elevation; nevertheless, they are realities. You go from valley to hilltop, and there, heated from your exertions—which in the relaxing South seem ten times as severe as they ought to seem—you are embraced by a breeze straight from the snows of the Apennines, twenty miles away, white over the purple of the lower hills and the pale green of the forlorn Campagna. This is the road by which not a few earnest and unresting travellers from the North have ended their travels in the little, violet-scented cemetery by the Porta Saint Paolo, with Keats on one side of them, and the heart of Shelley on the other side. It is the fashion to laugh at the thought of Roman fever in the spring months. The truth is, that such chills as one takes in Rome, are to be scorned at no time; and any old dame of the slums will tell you that it is no difficult matter to get the fever, even when there is frost in the air.

Some say the sensible tourist will always, upon his arrival in a famous town, straightway ascend to the highest tower of it, that he may begin his experiences with a bird's-eye view of the work that is before, or, rather, beneath him. Saint Peter's of Rome is obviously the place of

resort for those who pin their faith to such a method.

Now Saint Peter's is interesting, quite apart from its use as a platform of vision. It is enough to make the perfervid Catholic exhale into nothingness in the rapture of his reverence to know that in the vaults underneath this vast church nearly seven score popes find a resting-place. True, the record may be a little vague; especially when we find the first of the list entered as Saint Peter himself. But there can be no doubt about the unique sanctity of the spot. One may muse for hours among the dust of emperors and pontiffs who, in their day, could with a word have set the universe aflame.

Every man has his likings for this thing or that, in preference to another thing, though the latter may generally be accounted surpassingly excellent. I, for instance, do not feel so hugely attracted by Raphael's "Transfiguration." Domenichino's "Last Supper of Saint Jerome" seems to me its superior. When, therefore, I see a group of visitors set themselves in front of the "Transfiguration," and assume those attitudes of rapt attention and determination, which, as plainly as the sun, tell of the vain effort to induce any natural appreciation of the picture, I fancy I can hear the questioning that goes on in their minds all the while. Domenichino's picture is on the other side of the room; but what was Domenichino to Raphael?

"Divine, is it not?" remarks one person to her neighbor, when her eyes begin to tire.

"Oh, very," is the prompt reply.

Baedeker says a few eloquent words about it, and the echo of these, diluted with native wit and criticism, is banded from beholder to beholder, until the visit is at an end. The visitors then flit away to another room, and renew the same attitudes and the same self-interrogations. How many a time have I not caught the mind of such art-students as these in a brief moment of *deshabillé*, so to speak! The eye has turned aside from the object of pilgrimage, the mouth gapes, and there is a plaintive look of inexpressible weariness in the folds of the flesh of the face. "Oh, dear me, I am so tired of all this trotting about to look at things!" says the sufferer within herself; but the next moment she has recovered her energy.

Daily when I entered Saint Peter's I was wont to give a minute or two to the famous Pietà of Michael Angelo—the altar-piece of the first chapel on the right.

I may be forgiven if I remind my reader that the group represents the dead Christ in the arms of the Virgin. It is so simple; but the wrinkled skin under the dead arms, where Mary supports her son, has the appearance of a body only just rid of its breath. The Virgin is in figure, face, and expression a girl of but twenty or twenty-two. Some reckoned this a fault in the great sculptor's work. How, they asked, should she be so young when her son, who is dead, is more than thirty?

"It is to signify," replied Michael Angelo, "her purity. The pure retain their youth longer than those who are not pure. Was not she the very emblem and archetype of purity? Therefore it is that she seems such a child, though thirty years and more a mother."

Often while I looked at this precious statue, the hum of a service, from a chapel on the other side of the church, drew me slowly away from it. The sound was like the distant roll of the sea on a sandy shore. One might go here and there in the spacious building and search in vain for the quarter whence it came. But, after a time, instinct guides the steps.

There was always a certain fascination about the scene. It was not wholly the kind of fascination that one may ascribe to the influences of heaven. The grandiose demeanor of the scarlet and crimson prelates and cardinals, adorned further with gold lace and purple, was eloquent of earthly greatness. Here was the pomp of the priesthood of all times admirably signified. The large, statuesque features of the reverend men were almost as awe-inspiring as their gowns. They brought to mind that terrible last resting-place of the Incas of Peru; a chamber wherein for many a generation the mummified bodies of the sovereigns were assembled, each on its golden chair; and wherein the dead monarchs periodically received the obeisances of the Peruvians, sons and grandsons of the men who kissed the dust before them while yet alive.

Incense and the chant solemnified these moments. In front of the corrugated elders of the church sat the priestlings of a third generation. They had received but their first tonsure. The very ceremonies in which they took a part were unfamiliar to them. One nudged his neighbor to do something he would else have omitted to do. The sacristan, less scrupulous, pushed another by brute force into the position it behoved him to assume. This boy blushed over his stupidity; that smiled in a composed, angelic way; a

third looked cross for one moment, but the next, as if reminiscent of the requirements of his high calling, was as calm and self-contained as any of the corrugated old men behind him, and who might, from their faces, have been carved in stone, or dimly mindful of the time—some threescore and ten years back—when they, too, were novices in the world, and awkward agents in the ritual of services now familiar to them as the ringing of the Angelus bell.

But to recur to the dome of Saint Peter's as a landscape tower. The ascent, at least to the roof of the great nave, is available for beasts of burden as well as human beings; inclined planes being the substitute for steps. You may not go up every day. The consequence is, that on Thursdays—when alone it is permissible to ascend—a multitude of persons of all kinds muster at the door by Canova's tomb of the Pretender, the Young Pretender, and Cardinal York. This tomb is worth looking at for a moment—as much for the sake of the luckless Stuarts themselves, as for the sake of Canova. The cardinal was not a very eminent personage, if we may credit contemporary estimates of him. The private agent of Joseph the Second of Austria, in his record of certain of the dignitaries of Rome, made for his master's eyes alone, styled Cardinal B., "an old woman;" Cardinal S., "a miser;" and York, "soft." But he bore a great name, and much was therefore made of him.

The roof of the nave of Saint Peter's is an admirable, easy, and spacious promenade. It has been termed a city in itself; so obtrusive are the quarters for the workmen, and the various sheds for their tools and working material. I once saw a couple of American boys play a protracted game of hockey on this arena. Elsewhere, in the corners, behind the wings of this or that gigantic image of stucco, there was tender converse between young men and young women. And above, with sublime dignity, the great dome, springing from the platform!

The famous copper ball at the summit of the church is too limited in size, and the approach is much too narrow, to admit all who wish to enter it. You tarry for your turn in a convenient waiting-room at the foot of the final staircase, vertical as the trunk of a pine. The son of a duke may have for his neighbor in this resort of the ambitious a barefooted tatterdemalion from the Ghetto, and on the other side, a pretty, buxom German damsel,

here with her devoted husband for their wedding trip, and bound to see everything that can be seen in a week or a fortnight. But in truth it is no climb for a woman; and when the German girl sees her task, she withdraws with flaming cheeks.

As for the ball itself, you rest in it at some personal inconvenience, and peep at the world below you through the narrow slits in the copper upon which you sit and lean. If the writing on the wall may be believed, hither on the twenty-seventh of December, 1783, came Gustavus the Third of Sweden; and no doubt his Majesty's legs were tired enough when he set foot again on the pavement of the church. The view of Rome, from this standpoint is great, but unpleasing. The morsels of the antique that still survive the invasion of the speculative builders are so few and hard to discover amid the acres of chimney-pots and unbeautiful brick walls which collectively go by the name of Rome. The seven hills are all but flattened away by one's superiority of altitude. The Tiber is but a yellow brook with a brisk current running to and fro among the houses, and hardly deserving to be bridged as it is in six or seven places. But if Rome seems a little spoiled by this airy view of it, so is not the country around. How strange appear those desolate miles of undulating, treeless land between the city walls and the mountains to the east! Span by span the aqueducts stretch across this pale green wilderness. Here and there a ruined wall or a tower stands alone. Never had great city so weird and appalling a vicinity as this. Beyond, however, there is brightness in the glow of the snow on the Apennines, in the white specks on the slopes of the hills where they first spring from the Campagna—telling of the gay summer cities of Tivoli and Frascati—and in the fair purple of the hills themselves, where they do not rise to the snow line.

From Saint Peter's, let us travel with the wings of the wind to the eastern gate of the city, that by Saint John Lateran. Here you see the same tall blocks of new houses which cover the flats by the Vatican. They glisten with their unblemished whitewash; and the occupants—where tenants exist—hang canaries in cages, and their cleansed linen to dry from the balconies, which diversify the monotony of the white faces of the houses.

Saint John Lateran is hardly less venerable to the faithful Roman than Saint Peter's itself. For my part, however, I

do not care for it. Just as in Golconda a diamond that would delight a London jeweller is likely to be slighted, so here, where there is so much to love and admire, one is privileged to be capricious.

A stone's throw from Saint John's is a building with a wide portal, and the stream of people entering and leaving it seems endless. It was the same yesterday, the same this time last year, or this time two hundred and more years ago. Mark this picturesque old peasant, bronzed and groaning, and, if you please, let him be your guide. You see a staircase with a sheathing of wood on its stones, and each step, from the lowest to the highest, has its kneeling men, and women, and children upon it. The priests by the door will receive your alms, or sell you an indulgence at a very moderate rate. He is but a poverty-stricken peasant, who, when he has made the ascent on his knees, prayed a while before the altar at the summit, and descended with a glad and joyful heart, does not drop a coin into the treasury, and carry away a precious paper or two.

This is the Scala Santa, or staircase of Pilate's house in Jerusalem, which, it is assumed, our Lord sanctified with his own footsteps, his tears, and his blood. Saint Helena brought it from Jerusalem, with many another relic of price, and especially the wood of the true cross. Whether or not it was ever in Pilate's Palace, it has, by this time, been made sacred by the prayers and vows of millions of people.

The Lateran Museum, hard by the Lateran Church, is not as a rule put in the programme of the visitor who has but a week or two at his disposal in Rome. That is a pity. It is especially a pity if the visitor wishes to realize the historical, and even the artistic value of the catacombs of the great city. For here there are many roods of walls covered with the disinterred writings from these vaults, and such rude sculptures as in the early ages of Christianity were the sole links that seemed to bind the art of the future to that early art illustrated by the Laocöon of the Vatican, and the Venus of the Capitol.

One little, dainty treasure of a less venerable kind occurs to me when I think of this museum. It is a relic of the old masters of mosaic. The artist has inlaid a representation of the floor of a dining-room, after the feast. So truly has his hand worked, that the scrupulous house-keeper, whose master fancied such a floor to his room, would have suffered agonies

daily in the sight of these fish bones, lettuce leaves, fowls' legs, bits of bread, and the like, which the artist has here wrought with such marvellous ease and such cruel indelibility. Form and color are done to the life. As for the labor of the work, this may be imagined from the fact that seven thousand five hundred different pieces of marble have been counted in but a square palm of the mosaic.

The Lateran Museum is, however, most valuable as an appendix, as well as an incitement to a visit to the catacombs. Nothing is easier than to get into this underground artery of Rome. There are shafts in all the suburbs. You may take a taper by the Church of Saint Agnes, in the north-east, and, under guidance, get, in a moment or two, into the chilly crypts of native rock, where, among other bones and dust, and mummified bodies, they found the remains of sweet Saint Agnes. Or you may, in the south, descend to the most famous vaults of all, those of Saint Callixtus. It is reckoned that there are in all, including, no doubt, pagan excavations as well as Christian, some twelve hundred miles of these alleys of the dead, vermiculating to and fro under the débris of the past still above the surface. The pope has the control of this subterranean territory; and by the Vatican they are leased in sections to monasteries and churches adjacent to the different entrances.

Fifteen hundred years ago, the catacombs were already well occupied with their silent denizens. Saint Jerome, in one of his commentaries, gives us a lively idea of them in those days:—

"During my boyhood," he writes, "when I was in Rome for my education, I contracted the habit of visiting, every Sunday, with certain of my companions and schoolfellows, the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs, penetrating by the mouth of the open shafts—or crypts—into the depths of the earth. Here, in both sides of the walls, were an innumerable number of dead bodies, and there was such a terrifying obscurity all around, that it almost fulfilled the words of the prophet: 'The living descend into hell.'"

Nowadays, the eager tourist merely drives through the gate of the city until he comes to a board inscribed, "Entrance to the Catacombs of Saint Callixtus;" and having ascended into the vineyard, adjacent to the highroad, he approaches a little shed, where he finds a monk and a small room of curios and photographs. The monk lights candles, and leads him to the shaft, into which he descends by a

regular flight of steps. Then he sees precisely what Saint Jerome saw — with this exception: that the bodies which were then tranquilly sealed up, each in its narrow niche, are now for the most part gone, and an air of general ruin and desolation prevails. But they are not all gone. The early founders of Roman and other Christian churches have not entirely ransacked the depths for the bones of martyrs — as they are called, with no doubt some slight begging of the question. Nor have the Goths of one generation after another, rummaging here and everywhere for treasure, dispossessed every corpse of its grave. Your guide bids you look into this cell and that; here and there you see a dark skull, some mouldering bones, and a thick sediment of dust like snuff. This is what is left of one of the Christians of Diocletian's reign. It is like enough he had no peace until he came hither, borne along by his friends in the watches of the night, and thus laid to rest, with prayers and songs of thanksgiving for his release from a cruel and tiresome world.

How rude and coarse are the emblems on the walls of this vast abode of the dead! Here is no pomp of inscription; no straining of the genius of the mason to signify in stone the heroic deeds done by the departed. The simple words, "In peace," are the common epitaph; or, "Here rests in peace;" or, "Here sleeps in peace." Sometimes there is a symbol over the words: either the palm-leaf, to tell of the victory won by the dead in his martyrdom; or the cypress, token of virtue and incorruptibility; or the anchor, figure of faith and salvation; a fish, to typify a man regenerate; the dove and the olive-branch, to mark hope, or purity, or as a figure of the Holy Spirit; the cup and the circular piece of bread, to symbolize the eucharist, and so on. Thus the dead Christian went to his tomb through a picture-gallery, in which his faith was fully illustrated; and the living Christians lived, and worked, and worshipped, and slept in an atmosphere which could hardly fail to constrain them to be true to the teaching of their masters, buried to the right and left of them, and to suffer and die, if need were, like their predecessors.

Come we now for a moment to a pagan family sepulchre, a mile or so nearer the city. The proprietor of this elegant little tomb chamber lives in a house at hand, with sturdy vines around him, and some red poppies among the green vines. He is one of those untiring antiquaries who are content, the world forgetting, by the

world to be forgot, and who find, in the hobby of their own election, as much pleasure as all the common pleasures of life could afford to them. He does not care vastly to see a stranger; but if you express a wish to buy some genuine relic of Rome, the guide to his pagan sepulchre takes you into the old man's villa readily enough.

Three rooms full of antiquarian treasure. Vases of many shapes, sizes, and epochs; bronze work; statuary; coins by thousands, of all metals; bones and glass; mosaics; inscriptions; marbles — the old man with the long, dishevelled grey beard, has had them all unearthed in the precious little vineyard whence he draws his livelihood, and which bears his name. He shows you something else also, by which his fame is like to be perpetuated — a quarto volume of such engravings as one does not see out of Rome, and with printed commentaries upon the articles engraved. These last are all from his own collection; and he himself is the writer of the text. He is scrupulous to exact a franc from you for your visit to his sepulchre, and to abate not a jot from the price he asks you to pay for this vase or that in his villa, which takes your fancy; and he pays two or three hundred pounds that he may see his labors and treasures set before the world's eye for its appreciation. But one may praise this old gentleman unfeignedly in one particular: he is no friend to spurious antiquities. What you buy from his villa, you buy with the certitude that it is what his skill and experience assume it to be.

As for the pagan tomb, it is not so interesting as its master. You descend to it by steep steps. The walls are honey-combed with pigeon-holes. In the centre is an isolated mass of rock, also honey-combed in like manner. The sepulchre was discovered intact. The old man himself had the pleasure of plundering it of its vases, and lacrymatories, and inscriptions. But he has left many cells unbroken. In all, perhaps, two hundred members, clients, and slaves of the family here found their repose, and consecrated their dust to the "infernal gods." There is not much of value here as epitaph material. One cannot help, however, contrasting the sentiment of the Christian tomb-writings and that of certain of the pagan tombs. Where the Christian merely rests "in peace," the pagan — as in the case of a certain old lady of sixty-six — sets a questionable example before the minds of those of us yet alive. The dame here

referred to points this pretty moral to the passers-by: "While I was in the world, I lived to the best of my ability. My comedy is at an end. Yours will have an end. Clap your hands."

It were vain and futile to attempt to say much of an informing kind about a city like Rome in so short a paper as this. It is with the writer as with the schoolboy attracted by the plums near the exterior of the cake his fond mother has sent him. It is probable there are far finer plums inside the cake; but, for the present, he has time only to pay his respects to those that have come uppermost.

Why, the subject of painting, or sculpture, or architectural antiquities alone can hardly be gossiped over in less space than a stout octavo volume would exact. I go to the Capitol and look, like one in a trance, at the bewitching Venus of that precious collection. From the Venus, it is but a step in the same collection to him whom Byron has termed the dying gladiator, but whom the rest of the world prefers to know as the dying Gaul. There are other masterpieces in this gallery alone; and this gallery is but one of many galleries, though confessedly second only to that of the Vatican in Rome. What profits it, my reader, to give my brief observations upon these statues, familiar as they are to all the world by models? Is the foot of the Venus too large to fit with our conceptions of true beauty? Are the shoulders of the dying Gaul too narrow to accord with our northern ideal of the strong man? What then? Beauty is an elastic word; strength is not always identical with bulk. Perhaps my reader differs from me. Hence arises argument. And thus as many articles might be written about Roman art as there are statues and paintings in Rome.

It is enough if we may pull an agreeable plum or two from the surface of the cake.

From The Fortnightly Review.

AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

I.

A LAND less rich in natural, artistic, and historical attractions than Italy could not afford to leave a district so charming as that of the Euganean Hills almost unknown, unvisited. No guide-books talk about these little mountains; there is nothing of importance, so far as I am

aware, written on them from the historical or any other point of view. Express trains carry troops of tourists along their outskirts from Bologna to Padua and *vice versa*. All English people who read our poets know that Shelley called them:—

Those famous Euganean Hills which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbor piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles.

Their purple pyramids, lifted against the orange of the western sky, form an indispensable ingredient of the orthodox Venetian sunset. Their reflections in the blue mirror of the lagoons, although they are so far away, count as one of the chief wonders of the beautiful Venetian mornings. Yet I rarely meet with man or woman who has had the curiosity to invade the Oreads of the Euganeans in their native haunts, and to pluck the heart out of their poetic mystery.

It has been my own good fortune to spend several weeks on different occasions at the villa of a noble lady who resides not far from Monselia. So I have enjoyed special opportunities of becoming acquainted with this fascinating island in the ocean of the Lombard plain. For variety and delicacy of detail, for miniature mountain grandeur, it may be compared with what we call the English Lakes. The scale is nearly similar, though the Euganeans are positively smaller, and are placed in far more interesting surroundings. What they lack is water. This defect is balanced by the richness of the Italian vegetation, by the breadth of the great landscape out of which they heave, by the immediate neighborhood of famous cities, and by the range of snowy Alps which tower upon their northern horizon.

I cannot produce anything like a detailed study of the Euganean Hills. What follows in these pages consists of three extracts from my diary, made in the May month of three several years, relating aimless but highly enjoyable ramblings about their gentle declivities and wooded valleys.

II.

ESTE is a town of great antiquity, mentioned under its old name of Ateste both by Tacitus and Pliny. The Adige in former times flowed by its walls; and etymologists derive the city's name from Athesis. The museum is rich in Roman inscriptions, which are said to have drawn Professor Mommsen on a visit to the quiet place. Here in the Middle Ages dwelt

the Italian members of the mighty house of Guelph; who took their title from Este, and afterwards ruled Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio as dukes. At present the town has little to show of interest, except the picturesque ruins of wall and tower, crumbling away upon the southern promontory of the Euganeans, under slopes of olive and almond and vine.

Just above the town, surveying it from a kind of terrace, is the villa called I Cappuccini, which Lord Byron lent to the Shelleys in the autumn of 1818. "We have been living," writes Shelley to Peacock on the 8th of October, "this last month near the little town from which I date this letter, in a very pleasant villa which has been lent to us. Behind here are the Euganean Hills, not so beautiful as those of the Bagni di Lucca, with Arquà, where Petrarch's house and tomb are religiously preserved and visited. At the end of our garden is an extensive Gothic castle, now the habitation of owls and bats, where the Medici family resided before they came to Florence. We see before us the wide, flat plain of Lombardy, in which we see the sun and moon rise and set, and the evening star, and all the golden magnificence of autumnal clouds." I do not know to what tradition about the Medici Shelley was referring. It is true that Cosmo dei Medici was banished in 1433 to Padua; and he may possibly have spent part of his short exile at Este. I think it more probable, however, that Shelley confused the Medici with the Dukes of Ferrara, who took their family title from the old fief of Este.

In this villa Shelley composed the first part of "Prometheus Unbound." "I have been writing, and indeed have just finished, the first act of a lyric and classical drama, to be called 'Prometheus Unbound.'" From Padua he wrote, September 22, to his "best Mary": "Bring the sheets of 'Prometheus Unbound,' which you will find numbered from 1 to 26 on the table of the pavilion." The people who now inhabit I Cappuccini still show this pavilion, a little dilapidated summer-house, overgrown with ivy, at the end of a garden terrace. It was also near Este, having climbed one of the many-peaked summits above the town, that Shelley improvised the "Lines written in the Euganean Hills."

From Este to Arquà is no great distance. The road for some time skirts the hills, then turns abruptly upward to the left, leading to the village, which is picturesquely placed among its fruit-trees

in a hollow of the arid limestone mountains. Arquà looks at first sight like a tiny piece of the Riviera, with the hazy Lombard plain in lieu of the Mediterranean. Petrarch's house is a fair-sized white cottage at the extreme end of the village, one of the highest dwellings of Arquà. From its windows and garden-walls the eye ranges across olive-trees, laurels, and pomegranates to the misty level land which melts into the sea; churches with their campanili rising from the undetermined azure, like great galleys stranded in a lagoon. It is the constant recurrence of this Lombard distance, the doubt whether we are gazing upon land or sea, the sense of the neighboring Adriatic and Venetian salt-lakes, which lends a peculiar charm to Euganean landscapes.

Petrarch's study is a tiny room, with a little northern window, opening out of a larger ante-chamber. There was just enough space in it to hold a table and his armchair, which is still preserved, as well as a book-cupboard. Here then the old poet fell asleep for the last time among his books, upon the 18th of June, 1374. He had lived at Arquà since 1369, studying incessantly and writing with assiduity till the very end. One of the last things he composed was a Latin version of his friend Boccaccio's story of Griselda. They show the mummy of a cat, wholly destitute of hair, which is said to have once been his "furry favorite." Probably the beast is no more genuine than Wallenstein's celebrated horse at Prague.

The house contains several spacious rooms, with chimney-pieces of a later date, and frescoes setting forth in quaint *quattrocento* style the loves of Laura and the poet. One of these, which represents the meeting of Petrarch and his lady, might almost be called pretty; a bushy laurel sprouts from Petrarch's head, Laura has a Cupid near her; both are pacing in a verdant meadow.

The village church of Arquà stands upon an open terrace with a full stream of clearest water — *chiare e fresche onde* — flowing by. On the square before its portal, where the peasants congregate at mass-time, rises the tomb of Petrarch: a simple rectilinear coffin of smooth Verona marble, raised on four thick columns, and covered with a pyramidal lid — what the Italians call an *arca*. Without emblems, allegories, or lamenting genii, this tomb of the inspired poet, the acute student who opened a new age of intellectual activity for Europe, suggests thoughts beyond the reach of words. Petrarch was emphati-

cally the first modern man, the individuality who began to disengage art and letters from mediævalism. Here he sleeps, encircled by the hills, beneath the canopy of heaven; and his own winged thoughts, "forms more real than living man, nurslings of immortality," the ethereal offspring of his restless heart and brain, seem to keep watch around him in the liquid air.

There is a village inn within a few steps of this piazza, where the excellent white wine of Arquà may be tasted with advantage. Grown upon that warm volcanic soil of the Euganeans, in the pure, dry climate of the hills, it is generous and light together. Experience leads me to believe that it does not bear transportation; for the Arquà wine one sometimes finds in Venice has lost in quality. This, however, is a characteristic of very many Italian wines; and nothing is more charming in that incomparable country than the surprises which are always awaiting the œnophilist (as Thackeray calls him) in unexpected places, villages unknown to fame and wayside hostelries.

To Battaglia we drive through a swamp of willows and tall bullrushes and bending reeds. The quiet pools and dykes which slumber in this mass of vegetation are abloom with white and yellow water-lilies, iris, water-violet, and flowering rush. Some great birds — wild geese, I think — were flying and feeding there, as I drove through the marshland in the early morning.

Battaglia and the neighboring village of Abano are both celebrated for their baths and springs of hot sulphurous water. Here we understand in how true a sense the Euganean Hills are a volcanic upheaval from what must have been a great sea at the time of their emergence. The ground is so hot and hollow, so crusted with salts and crystalline deposits, and the water which spouts up in miniature geysers is so boiling, that one wonders when a new eruption is going to take place. On autumn evenings, a mist from the warm springs hangs over Abano, giving it a dreamy look as the train whisks by. But this is no vapor of malaria. The country indeed is singularly healthy. Abano was known to the Romans. They called it Aponus; the name being derived, it is said, from a Greek adjective which means *painless* — a kind of parallel to Posilippo. Hundreds of folk, then as now, came to rid themselves of rheumatic pains and other ailments in the mud-baths and hot mineral water. Suetonius says that when

Tiberius was a young man, the object of suspicion to his step-father, Augustus, he visited Padua upon the occasion of a journey into Illyria. "There he consulted the oracle of Geryon, which bade him cast golden dice into the fountain of Aponus, in order to obtain an answer to his questions. This he did accordingly, and the dice thrown by him turned up the highest possible numbers. The dice themselves can be seen to this day in the water."

Geryon, according to one version of his legend, was a king of Hesperia; and Hercules is said to have opened the springs of Battaglia and Abano by ploughing with his oxen there. The ancients seem to have symbolized the volcanic nature of this country in several myths. It is difficult not to connect the legend of Phaethon, who fell from heaven into the Po, burned up the waters of Eridanus, and converted the tears of the river-nymphs to amber, with some dim memory of primitive convulsions. At this point I would fain turn aside to dally with the two books of Pontano's "Eridani," than which modern scholarship has produced nothing more liquid, more poetical, more original in Latin verse. But *ne quid nimis*: for now the domes and towers of Padua begin to loom in the distance — the vast roof of the Palazzo Ragione, the fanciful cupolas of S. Antonio, harmonious and lovely S. Giustina — while we jog along the never-ending, straight banks of the canal, and the Euganeans sink cloudlike into azure air behind us.

III.

Two days ago I started with three friends, two Venetians and an Englishman, for the Euganean Hills. The day was very hot for the season, since we are still in the middle of May. Our object was to make an early ascent of Venda, the highest point of the group, which looks so graceful and so lofty from the lagoons near Malamocco. Venda rises only a little over two thousand feet above the sea. But it has the sweep and outline of a grand mountain.

We spent the afternoon and evening at Val San Zibio, in the Albergo alla Pergola; about half an hour's drive out of Battaglia. There is a villa there with gardens, built and planned originally in the early seventeenth century by a member of the Barbarigo family. The place afterwards passed to the Martinenghi of Venice, and now belongs to the Conte Donà delle Rose. The dwelling-house has been mod-

ernized and ruined in appearance by the destruction of the statues and florid architectural decorations which brought it formerly into keeping with those massive walls, old-fashioned iron gratings, barocco groups of gods on balustrades and fountains, remaining in the ancient pleasure-ground. On the great front gates to the garden, where the water from the hills comes rushing down by steps, the coat of Barbarigo is splendidly displayed: "*Argent on a bend gules, between three beards sable three lioncels passant, or.*" It is the same coat which adorns the Scala dei Giganti and one of the great chimney-pieces in the Ducal Palace.

I know nothing exactly comparable to this old-world garden at Val San Zibio. Placed at the opening of a little glen, or coomb, descending from a spur of Venda, it fills the whole space up, and works into complete harmony with the surrounding wildness. The formal landscape-gardening of two centuries ago has been mellowed by time, so as to merge imperceptibly, without the slightest break or discord, into bowery woods and swelling hills. The compassed fish-ponds, the moss-grown statues of aquatic deities, the Cupids holding dolphins which spout threads of water from their throats, the labyrinth of clipped box, the huge horse-chestnut trees, the long green alleys of hornbeam twisted into ogee arches overhead, the smooth-shaven lawns, and the myriad gold-fish in the water-lilies tanks—all these elements of an aristocratic pleasure melt, as it were, into the gentle serenity of the leafy heights above them, the solemnity of cypress avenues, the hoary stillness of olive orchards, the corpses of hazel, elm, acacia, chestnut. Nowhere, indeed, have I seen art and nature married by time and taste with such propriety and sympathy of feeling. It is delightful to saunter through those peaceful walks, to hear the gush of waterfalls, and to watch the fountains play, while the sun is westering, and the golden-verdant cup of the little valley swims in light-irradiated haze.

We four friends enjoyed this pastime for an hour or so; and then, after strolling awhile in acacia woods above the hamlet, we returned to an excellent supper at our inn. It was served in the corner of the kitchen; one of those large, brick-floored rooms, with wooden rafters, and a pent-house chimney-piece half open to the air, which Tintoretto sometimes painted—notably in his *Cenacolo*, at the Scuola di S. Rocco. Such kitchens always con-

tain an abundance of copper vessels and brass salvers hung about the walls, from the appearance of which the wary guest may form a tolerably accurate prognostication of his coming meal. At our hostel of the Pergola the copper and brass gear was not only plentiful, but almost as dazzling as Atlante's shield in the "*Orlando.*" And the supper corresponded to these happy auspices. Signora Fortin, our hostess, served it with her own hands, hissing from the hearth. The *menu* ran as follows: "*Risi-bisi,*" a Venetian mess of rice and young peas stewed in gravy; veal cutlets, with asparagus; lettuce-salad, home-made sausage, and cheese from the pastures. Good white wine of the Arquà type satisfied our thirst; and when the simple meal was finished, my three companions sat down to play *treslet* with the jovial Boniface. I, who had no skill at cards, wandered out into the moonlight, pacing country lanes alive with fire-flies and glow-worms. Then came the divine night of sleep in lowly bed-chambers with open windows, through which entered the songs of nightingales, the splash of falling waters, and the sigh of heavy-foliaged trees.

In the morning we started at six o'clock for Venda. We had been promised a *putelo*, a *ragazzo*, a boy, in fact, to carry our provisions. He turned out a red-haired toper, over fifty years of age, with a fiery nose. However, he performed his function as a beast of burden. The hedgerows were drenched with dew, bringing out the scent of wild-rose, privet, and acacia-blossom. Scirocco brooded in the air, foreboding an afternoon of thunder-storm. From Galzignano, a village at the foot of our mountain, we began the ascent to Rua—the first stage of the easy climb. The hillsides here were abloom with silver cistus, golden broom, gaudy orchises, starred anthericum lilies, purple columbines, and creamy potentillas swaying from a slender stalk. Rua is a spacious convent, covering several acres on a spur of Venda. Within its walled enclosure are separate dwellings for the monks who live there, cottages united by common allegiance to the church which rises in their midst. It ought to be a paradise for men who have renounced the world, desire seclusion, and are contented with a round of rustic labor and religious duties. But as we skirted the long wall of the convent precincts, I wondered how many of its inmates may have missed their vocation—for whom that vast extent of landscape and the distant cities seen upon the plain

are only sources of perpetual irritation. For, as we rose, the view expanded; the isolated position of the Euganeans, like an island in an immense sea, made itself more and more felt. By glimpses through the thickets of dwarf chestnut, hornbeam, or hazel, we gazed upon aerial Alps, long, silvery lagoons, the lapse of rivers flowing to the Adriatic, and brown villages with bell-towers for their centre.

The summit of Venda is a long, rolling down, which reminded me of the Feldberg in the Black Forest. The ruins of an ancient convent crown its southern crest. This must have erewhile been a noble edifice; for the abandoned walls are built to last forever, in a severely massive, Benedictine style. They abut upon a kind of precipice; and the prospect they command is the whole Lombard plain to south and west, fringed with the silver-edged lagoons and sea, threaded by the Adige, and gemmed with venerable seats of human habitation, among which Montagnana stands conspicuous. Upon the other side of Venda, the line of the Tyrolese and Friulian Alps breaks the northern sky; Brenta flows through the fields to Padua; and the Monti Berici, descending from the mountains of Vicenza, stretch out their feelers till they almost touch the Euganeans at Bastia. From this point, as from the top of one of those raised maps men make in Switzerland, we can study the structure of the tiny group of mountains Venda crowns — so small in scale, so exquisitely modelled, so finely pencilled in its valley structure, so rich in human life and vegetation.

It would be impossible to spend some hours upon the crest of Venda, and not to think of Shelley's poem. As a boy, I had those lines by heart, and used to wonder dreamily about the memorable landscape they describe.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursing, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls.

How true the picture is! And then again:—

By the skirts of that grey cloud
Many-domed Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain.

Yes, indeed, there is Venice, there is Padua, there are the skirts of the grey cloud; but the Celtic anarchy, the foes, the tyrants, of whom Shelley sang, have now disappeared from Italy. Are her sons happier, I asked myself, than when the Frenchmen and the Austrians were here?

While I was making these reflections, there appeared upon the scene a youthful cow-herd, or *vachèr*, with a hungry hound who loved him. He was a bright lad, clear-cut in feature, nut-brown of complexion, white of teeth, with pale blue, wistful eyes. He told us that he could neither read nor write, that his mother was dead, and his father confined in the madhouse of San Servolo. He had been born and bred on Venda; and now he had drawn a number for the army, and was just going to be drafted into some regiment. I gave him my briar pipe for a keepsake; and then, having already spent three lazy hours upon the top of Venda, we began the descent upon the other side, breaking into thickets of low brushwood. Here the air became heavy with an aromatic, resinous scent, which I soon perceived to come from the mystic *dictamnus fraxinella* in full bloom. The coppice reddened far and wide with the tall spires of that remarkably handsome flower. At night, in certain conditions of the weather, it is said to be phosphorescent; or, to put the fact perhaps more accurately, it emits volatile oil in large quantities, which readily ignites and burns with a pale bluish flame around the ruddy blossoms. After following a ridge, partly wooded and partly down land, for about an hour, we came to the opening of the Val San Zibio ravine. Into this we plunged — into a dense, silent, icy-cold wood of hazels — where the air seemed frozen by contrast with the burning sunlight we had left. The descent through the coomb or gully to the quiet hamlet, deep in verdure, called to mind many a Devonshire or Somersetshire glen.

This morning, on the way back to Venice, I visited Cataio, a castle built in the sixteenth century by one of the Obizzi family. It is a huge place, designed in a fanciful style, half Renaissance palace, half barrack. A broad flight of steps leads to a vast terrace high above the courts and gardens, which commands an enchanting prospect over the plain of Battaglia, the huge glens and outskirts of the Euganeans, and the cloudlike mass of Venda. Here I bade adieu to the mountain and to the pleasant solitudes of Val San Zibio.

IV.

THE third extract from my diary shows me again at Val San Zibio, next year, upon the very same day of the month, strolling about the lovely pleasance, this time in different company. It is Sunday morning, and the peasants, both men and women, carry roses stuck behind their ears. One grey-haired old fellow, who is the Conte's bailiff, wore two large China roses, one for each side of his ruddy countenance.

Domenico, the coachman, arrived at eight, and having said farewell to the jolly Boniface of the Pergola, we started on our long day's expedition. Skirting the hills by Galzignano and across the spurs of Venda, we pass through a land of changeable beauty. The whole country is in bloom upon this glorious summer morning. Nowhere else have I seen such torrents of acacia blossom, whitening acres of the hillside, making the ridges hoary and the glens one snowdrift, lifting plumes of rosy or of creamy silver into the fiery blue of heaven above our eyes. Ruddy-fruited cherry-trees, grey-green olives, glossy chestnuts, with mulberries and figs and peach-trees, all attired in daintiest green, interpenetrate this riot of acacia-blossom; and the air is alive with dragon-flies in thousands, chasing each other through the liquid light. Here and there wild nature asserts her independence. The signs of tilth and culture fade off into tangles of cistus, Mediterranean heath, broom, myrtle, arbutus, and juniper, overflowing from the arid sandstone slopes, just like the *maquis* of Corsica. Then follow orchards of apples, almonds, pears, plums, apricots. Copses of walnuts and chestnuts break into vineyards or pastures bordered with dykes full of yellow iris and nymphaea. This variety within a narrow compass, due to the rise and fall of the land, and also to abrupt geological changes, constitutes the chief charm of travelling in the Euganeans.

So, in due course of time, we arrived at the great Benedictine Abbey of Praglia, now used as a barrack, where troops of all descriptions come from time to time on camping expeditions. They bring their bedding and furniture with them, and take it away when they depart; so that in their absence the interminable corridors and cells, refectories and parlors, cloisters and courts, are white-washed and dreary, scrawled over with the names and jests of soldiers. Only two Padri are left; "*Cus-todi* for the State in a house where we

were once *Padroni*," said one of them with a bitter smile, as he pointed to the ruthlessly dilapidated library, the empty book-cases, the yawning framework of the wooden ceiling, whence pictures had been torn. These Padri simply loathe the soldiers.

The architectural interest of Praglia centres in three large cloisters, one of them lifted high in air above magazines, cellars, and storehouses. The refectory, too, is a noble chamber; and the church is spacious. But the whole building impresses the imagination by magnitude, solidity, severity—true Benedictine qualities—rather than by beauty of form or brilliance of fancy. We find nothing here of the harmonious grace (of what Alberti called *tutta quella musica*, that music of the classic style), which is so conspicuous in S. Giustina at Padua, itself an offshoot from the mighty Abbey. The situation, too, though certainly agreeable, on the skirts of the hills, with a fair prospect over the broad champaign, lacks that poetry of which one finds so much in all parts of the Euganeans. Praglia might be called a good specimen of massive ecclesiastical prose.

We jogged on through Montemerlo, toward the group of hills which divide Teolo from Rovolone, having the jagged cliffs of Pendice first in sight, and then the deeply wooded Madonna del Monte on our left hand, and the Paduan plain upon the right. After about four miles of this travelling under the noonday sun, the road bends suddenly upwards striking into wood and coppice. The summit of the little pass affords a double vista; backwards over the illimitable plain with Padua stretched out like a map in hazy sunshine; forwards to Bastia and the Monti Berici. These miniature *cols*, deep in chestnut and acacia groves, with the gracefully shaped crests above them, make one of the main beauties of the Euganeans. Tall, purple orchids, splashed with white, began to gleam in the thick grasses, while here and there a flame-like spire of fraxinella-bloom reminded me of Venda.

At length we plunged into the deep woods and country lanes of Rovolone, remarkably English in character, and halted in a roadside osteria. The red wine here was excellent—one of those surprises which reward the diligent œnophilist in Italy. I decided to walk up to the church, remembering our autumn visit of 1888, when a dear friend of mine lay and shed tears on the parapet. *E vide e pianse il fato amaro*, for he had to leave Lombardy

next day for London and the British Museum. To-day the landscape swam in summer heat, out of which emerged the spurs of the Monti Berici, amethystine-blue; and the Alpine chain, which was so white and glittering on that October afternoon, could now be hardly traced through sultry vapor. So I retraced my steps down the rough, sandstone road, following the tinkling streamlet, between over-arching boughs of maple, hornbeam, and wild cherry. I found Domenico still drinking the excellent red wine and eating *salame* in the osteria. When the nag was rested, we helped him and the carriage down a broken lane — more torrent-bed than pathway — into the main road to Vo. Here we struck abruptly upward to the left, and reached Teolo through a long, straight valley between limestone hills. The variety of soil, and the sudden alteration from one kind of rock to another in the Euganeans, together with the change of flora this implies, is another of their charms. Here I noticed abundance of tree-heath and starry snow-white anthericum.

At the head of this long valley the view gradually broadens out on every side. Teolo is magnificently situated between the Madonna del Monte and more distant Venda — Venda stretching like a great green cloud, with Rua perched upon its eastern spur, and the ruins of the convent covering the irregular summit. But between the town and Venda lies a wide expanse of undulating country, out of the verdure of which shoot the grey double crags of Pendice, in form reminding one not very distantly of Langdale Pikes.

Teolo occupies incomparably the finest point, as it also is the central point, of the Euganean district. It is important enough to be a station for Carabinieri. Yet the little township lies so scattered on the hillsides, that in my Alpine home we should call it a *Landschaft*. I thought involuntarily of Cadore, as I stood before the door of the inn, an isolated house, the last house of the village. There is a touch of Dolomite feeling about the scenery of Teolo.

Domenico bade me go to sleep for a couple of hours, which I did as well as I could through the noise and singing of fifteen Venetian *cortesani* in the next room. At six o'clock he called me to begin the ascent of Pendice. Leaving the street behind us, we passed out upon a ridge which joins the terrace-site of Teolo to the larger block of precipice and forest called Perdice. Here one looks both ways over the Lombard plain, spread out literally

like an ocean, and framed, as the sea might be framed, by the inverted angles of valleys descending into it on either hand. It took us rather more than half an hour to reach the summit of the rock by a pretty steep footpath. I suppose the crags in vertical height on the eastern side are about two hundred feet above the woods, which fall away steeply to the valley bottom at the distance of some three hundred feet farther. So the impression of altitude is considerable, and the fine bold cleavage of the stone increases the effect. There are extensive and massive remains of what must have once been a very formidable castle, covering the whole of the upper platform, and descending for a certain distance upon either side. Henbane grows in rank luxuriance around these ruins. But I am ashamed to say that I know nothing about the history of this stronghold, nor about Speronella, the mediæval heroine of its romance. An old peasant who lives up there, like an owl in a corner of the ruin, could give no information. He waxed eloquent about monks and bandits, bravi and maidens confined in subterranean grottoes; but of facts he was as ignorant as I am.

From this point of vantage the view is really glorious; so much of plain visible to east and west as gives a sense of illimitable space, without the monotony of one uniform horizon; then the great billowy mass of Venda, the crest of Madonna del Monte, and the rich green labyrinth of dales and copses at my feet. A furious wind flew over us; and a thunderstorm swept across the southern sky, passing probably between Este and the Adige, lightening and thundering incessantly. The old peasant told us not to be anxious; the storm was not coming our way. So we sat down beneath a broken wall, which seemed to tremble in the blast, and enjoyed the lurid commotion of the heavens, which added sublimity to the landscape. All this while the sun was setting, flaringly red and angry, in brilliant contrast with the tawny purples of the tempest clouds. The verdure of hill, wood, and meadow assumed that peculiar brilliancy which can only be compared to chrysoprase; and all the reaches of the Lombard plain smouldered in violet blue. The sun dropped behind the Monti Berici, and we clambered down from our eyrie, glad to regain the inn, to sup and sleep.

Next day the whim came over me to drive the whole way from Teolo, through Padua, Stra, Dolo, to Mestre, and to re-

gain Venice by the lagoon. It meant rising at four, and reaching home at seven. But I wanted to get a notion of what travelling was like in Lombardy before the age of railways.

From Temple Bar.
THE WATERPROOF.
A MONOLOGUE.

AH! Now I have got home I can take off this miserable waterproof of Mrs. Mowbray's. I do hate wearing other people's things. I can't think why she insisted on my borrowing it, except that there are some people who always will lend you things you don't want to have. "Oh, you really must have a waterproof," she kept saying; "it is going to rain heavily, and you will get so wet jumping in and out of hansoms." Cat! After all, she wouldn't have had a carriage herself if Mr. Mowbray had not made all his money in tea—and he looked so exactly that sort of man, with a red face, and little sandy grey whiskers! Why she should have made such a fuss about him after he died I can't imagine.

(Laying cloak on chair.)
There, now I've got rid of that horrid thing. Some one was saying just now—who was it? Oh, I know, it was Mrs. Mowbray herself; that woman is always trying to say something learned—that menkind are divided into groups by the shapes of their heads. That's the kind of thing that is quite useless to know, and I consider it indecent to talk about in a drawing-room. I am sure that womenkind are divided into groups by the shapes of their waterproofs; and when I see a woman with one of those hideous, old-fashioned, round, shiny things on, I know exactly what she would say, if I were to talk to her, that is. But I never would, for I don't want to hear about the outbreak of whooping-cough at Jackey's school, or how much more susceptible to infection Minnie is than Polly. On the other hand, I dare say that the woman who wears a waterproof with silk outside, and a hood lined with red, would be more dangerous in some respects, though perhaps more agreeable. As to Mrs. Mowbray, she is neither the one thing nor the other; she is half-way between the dowdy and the dangerous.

(Looking at cloak.)
I can't quite make her out. It is very odd, but I don't believe she likes me. I

wonder why not? I hate the woman myself, of course; to me she is a most dreary creature. She never has anything interesting to say about people, only the most meaningless praise. I am told that every one confides their private affairs to her. There are some women who have that sort of mission—to be a sort of friend of all work, as it were, a kind of aunt to the human race. Well, those people are useful sometimes! Just at this juncture I rather want a confidante, for I asked Major Symonds for two days for reflection. This is the second—what am I going to say to him? Why do I hesitate, I wonder? Why did I not say yes at once? He is pleasant—oh, certainly pleasant enough—I don't like people who are oppressively intellectual—and his sister has told me that he is not nearly so passionate as he used to be. He doesn't look very soldierly, perhaps, but I don't mind that; in fact, I think a warlike air is misplaced in a drawing-room. He looked quite presentable at Lady Brightwell's At Home, I thought. We were coming down-stairs together—at least, we were not together at that moment, for I was coming down alone, and I saw him also alone. And it is so odd for a soldier, he sometimes has those fits of shyness. I don't know what else it could have been, he seemed really afraid to meet my eye. He was turning his head away, as though he didn't dare to speak; but of course I saw how it was, and felt it would be only kind to come to his help, so I suggested to him that we should go in to supper together. I saw how grateful he was to me. Then, while we had supper, we began talking about all sorts of things I thought would please him, about the sadness of being lonely, and of wanting a companion; and I told him I saw he was lonely sometimes, and that I was sorry for him. And then he said, "Mrs. Story, you are quite right, indeed, you are right; it is a terrible thing to be alone at my time of life." Such nonsense to speak in that way—his time of life, indeed! He's much too young to talk like that; I don't consider that people arrive at a "time of life" till they're well over sixty, certainly not at fifty-two. He said, "I have made up my mind not to be lonely any longer. Do you think—would it be possible that I could find any one to share my solitude?—that a battered old soldier like me would have any chance?" A battered old soldier, indeed! If he is battered, it's nature, and the east winds in the streets of London that have done it—I don't believe he has ever been fur-

ther afield than Wimbledon Common. "Battered!" I exclaimed. "Oh, my dear Major Symonds!" He looked pleased, certainly; pleased and soothed. There are some women who know exactly the right thing to say, and I am one of them. "Well," he said, trying to look modest, "I must say I thought the other day, when I was with Mrs. Mowbray——" and he stopped. "With Mrs. Mowbray!" I cried. "But what has she to do with this question?" He said nothing. He smiled, rather inanelly, I must confess. I saw at once how it was; he had been making a confidante of that woman, and telling her about me. It was indiscreet of him, of course, but I don't know that I minded it; in fact, I was rather pleased, as I am quite sure it must have annoyed her.

At this moment we were interrupted by two dowagers looking for seats, who came and stood behind us, until they positively lifted us from our chairs by the force of their glare, so we could say nothing more. "I will give you an answer the day after to-morrow," I said hurriedly, as we went out through the hall. "This is Monday, come to see me at five o'clock on Wednesday." He said nothing; I left him looking absolutely vacant, as I must say he does sometimes. I suppose he was taken aback at the delay. And now, this is half past four on Wednesday, what am I going to say to him? Let me look back into the past. Ah, I have too many broken hearts on my conscience to dare to bear the burden of another!

There was Douglas Benson, a barrister, brilliant and successful. What a life to have ruined! There was no doubt about his feelings. Whenever he was in my society he was a prey to the deepest melancholy. I never shall forget that night that we dined at Maidenhead with the Tollemaches. I felt I must endeavor to dispel his gloom, and after dinner I offered to go with him for a row on the river. I saw his inward struggle—he dared not expose himself to the fatal temptation—but I nerved myself to the effort for his sake. It was no use; the cloud settled darker, darker on his features. He could not trust himself to speak. We never met again after that evening. What became of him I dared not ask; I was haunted by the thought of those dark, lowering features.

Then there was Lionel Talbot. What a handsome fellow he was!—the very type of a British sailor. Ah, that time at Portsmouth, when they gave a farewell dance on board his ship! I saw what he

wanted—what he was evidently longing to suggest, and let him understand in covert terms that I would overcome my dread of the sea to gratify his parting wish. But he was too noble, poor fellow, too heroic. He replied that there were "some things too precious to expose to the fury of the elements." Ah, he was right there! It was his last voyage. His ship was lost in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, and he died, breathing my name; at least, I have; no doubt he did breathe it, though I shall never, never know.

But why should I melt my heart by dwelling on these tender memories, instead of steeling it to be firm and valiant? It is an awful thing to have to make up one's mind. I could almost be sorry to-day that I have no chattering female friends to whom I am in the habit of telling everything. Like my Cousin Lucy, for instance. I know as a fact that if any interesting crisis happens in her life, she has to sit down and write it to eleven intimate female friends, with whom she has sworn to exchange every thought. And there is Mrs. Mowbray, who is in the same position as regards Mrs. Fanshawe. I have heard that not only do these two tell each other everything, but they also send each other all the letters they receive from other people. In fact, I believe that if one of them were to receive a proposal, she would send it to the other to know what she was to say. I call that really immodest.

Ah! (*sighing*) and that brings me back to the question I ought to be considering all this time. What must I say to Major Symonds? What must I do? Ah! I fear I have no doubt! I have most foolishly suffered myself to be melted by dwelling thus upon the past. I must accept him—yes, I must; for I couldn't break another heart, I really couldn't.

(*Is going to dry her eyes.*)

Why, where is my handkerchief? Oh, of course, I must have left it in the pocket of that wretched waterproof.

(*Feels in pocket of waterproof—pulls out two letters with handkerchief.*)

What are these? These are not mine.

(*Looks at one.*)

"DEAR MRS. MOWBRAY,—" It is in the handwriting of Major Symonds!

(*Closes her hand on it, and stands for a minute irresolute.*)

It is as I thought; he evidently wrote to her about me. Well, one can hardly blame him, poor fellow, for seeking a friend's advice at this crisis—this most momentous crisis! Oh, I really must

read it. I shall like to see how he speaks of me to others.

(Opens it with a coy smile.)

"DEAR MRS. MOWBRAY, — You will know — you must know — the subject on which I am writing to you —"

(Reads on — shrieks.)

Ah, the base treachery! That wicked, deceiving woman! Oh, my poor friend, that he should have been caught in her toils! Ah, how powerless a man is when a designing, shameless woman entraps him! This, then, was why he turned despairingly to me that night; he sought for succor, for rescue, and I, cold-hearted, cruel that I was, refused it. Ah, why did I not answer him then and there? Why did I not cleave to my place, though all the dowagers in England stood behind it? Well, well, his destiny would have been different with me. He has, in despair at my seeming coldness, proposed to another woman out of pique — his manly heart has been caught at the rebound.

(Sighs.)

It is as well, perhaps; for in a moment of yielding I might have fettered myself forever.

(Walks up and down — her eye falls on the other letter.)

Ah! I had forgotten this one. I wonder what surprise this contains.

(Picks it up — looks at signature.)

"Lina Fanshawe." Of course! it is one of the dozen letters she sends to her dear friend every day.

"DARLING MABEL, —" Ugh! that makes me quite sick, it really does. "I return Major Symonds's letter, which has amused me excessively." Coarse, insolent woman! "Imagine his proposing to you! I am so glad you refused him — how could he ever think you would do anything else?" What, she has refused him! Refused! well, so much the worse for her. She has not caught him at the rebound then — his heroic sacrifice has not been accepted! Let me see what else she says. "I only hope he won't be as broken-hearted over it as Douglas Benson was. Do you remember that night you refused him at Maidenhead?" What, I drove him too into madness by my cruelty! It's well for him she refused him. What an escape he has had!

(Reads.)

"And now I must congratulate you, dearest, on the good news you tell me — the return of —" What! "Lionel Talbot!" His return! "What a hero he will be when he comes back, after being supposed to be drowned! such a hero that I imagine you will no longer hesitate to" —

ah, it is impossible! — "to announce your . . . engagement." Lionel Talbot alive — not dead! and engaged to Mrs. Mowbray! Well, I dare say even *that* is better than lying at the bottom of the Pacific; and yet, no, I am not sure that it is. Oh, what shipwreck of all his hopes! Alas, how many lives I have ruined! But there is one person, at any rate, to whom I can make amends. It was I drove Major Symonds to the desperate sacrifice he attempted, and I will reward him for it. This decides me. It was I that well-nigh seared and blighted his life — I will console him myself!

From St. James's Gazette.

AD LYDIAM.

OUR Lydia's first impression was that the porter of the mansions was "a very proud man;" for he objected to the shaking of dusters and other textile fabrics out of window; and what she was to do with cabbage-stalks, lettuce-leaves, and potato-peelings, Heaven only knew; for that porter was like a lion, and said the Mansions Company wouldn't allow this, and forbade that, till she scarcely knew whether there was a nose left on her face or not.

Lydia is from the country, has never seen a flat before, and is of opinion that "a dungeon prison" is a more pleasant place of residence. She sings "I would I were a bird" as she gazes wistfully down the throats of the chimney-pots over the way on a level with our lofty perch. Her life in the country, like an Elizabethan drama, was diversified by alarms and excursions, while here it is an almost unbroken solitude. She answered many bells; tradesmen and their servants made the kitchen gay, and many came in for a glass of beer and a chat. She could always run out into the garden, where Simmonds, the gardener, was at work — or to the yard, where were men not too deeply engrossed in rubbing down horses or cleaning dog-carts to pass the time o' day and remind a vivacious young person that she was a pretty girl and not a hen in a coop, an owl in a loft, or a tiger in a cage. Lydia is nothing if not figurative, and is given to literature in the large leisure which a general neglect of her duties affords.

It was plain she was piqued by the pride of that porter. In old English ballads, by the way, the porter is always proud, and those who have lived in Paris

have at times suffered from the condescensions of a haughty concierge. But our porter is prouder than all. He represents the Mansions Company, and is a rosy incarnation of its rococo red-brick gentility. Even in the morning when he dons a vast apron of green baize he wears it with distinction, as though it were a chasuble; and when he takes his ease in the afternoon in uniform he has the lofty air of a Yankee fire brigade captain, or of a P. and O. skipper. I am, or rather I was, deeply afraid of him, and was abjectly conscious as I daily descended into the street that my appearance fell far below his lofty ideal.

"What I like to see," I overheard him say to a fellow-porter whom he was patronizing with his conversation—"is powder, and for the coachman a wig; but then, don't you know, you wants a 'ammer-cloth." My weak spirit failed; for most of our friends know no powder but the dust of the twopenny 'bus, and I crawled on the knees of my mind past our proud porter.

My shy and sensitive friend, Mr. E. Scawfell Scaife, whose exquisite verses on the moors and fells of his native Yorkshire are only surpassed by his polished ballades and love sonnets, has also had occasion to observe the austere magnificence of our porter; and I made the bard uncomfortable by pointing out that a brown bowler hat, a velvet coat, a silver mounted wooden pipe, brown boots, and a black leather hand-bag, even though it contained immortal verse, might well raise the scornful eyebrows of a being who wanted a hammer-cloth. He ought to be thankful he was not stopped on the stairs as an outrage on the respectability of the Mansions Company.

But love, as the late Lord Lytton has observed with such profound originality, levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre; and it was through the affections that our porter fell, or rather—as I will presently explain—*rose*, from his pride of place to abject humility. Our Lydia was not to be trod upon for want of speaking; a dangerous light shone in her bright eyes, and she was bent on taming the lion. It is unnecessary to say that she succeeded; for, as the wisdom of the ages puts it, "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut.*" But it was a difficult business. Mr. Weller, senior, boasted that he was on affectionate terms with eighty miles of females (the mere winking and whip-flourishing acquaintance of a passing coachman);

while our porter assumed control over two hundred perpendicular feet of young women, and was steelled by authority and ineffable self-esteem against their charms. The lift, which, rightly understood, is the artesian well of our new civilization, yielding instructive lessons to social science as it pierces our domestic stratifications, is his avenue of communication; and it was through the lift that our Lydia attacked the porter. She has a pretty ear for music and learned to sound the whistle as sweetly as any pastoral pipe; and her fearless flow of conversation—though based on mere ascending legs of mutton, loaves of bread, and parcels from the stores—gradually fascinated her victim. He played Pyramus to her Thisbe; but if walls have ears, lifts may be said to be all ears. Warned, therefore, by certain ironical interruptions by envious maids on intermediate floors who feloniously intercepted their warblings and whisperings, the porter found errands up-stairs. Never were our wishes on the subject of cabs so diligently consulted; nor have the ingenious domestic contrivances on which our mansions pride themselves been more exhaustively explained than by the porter to our Lydia.

About this time Mr. Scawfell Scaife had completed his "*Moorland Melodies, and Other Verses,*" and a few of our friends—about sixty-five of them—were invited to our eyrie to hear the poet read a selection made by my wife. The day before this solemnity the author, fearing to appear with the black bag, sent his manuscript by the hands of his office-boy—perhaps the most incorrigible of the present generation of bad boys. He lent the string which secured the parcel to another boy for the better suspension of his trousers, and made a paper cap of the wrapper for another; and, after a variety of adventures, finally delivered the manuscript in its nude beauty to our porter, simply remarking that it was for No. 89.

He took the ribbon-tied papers and read the superscription—"To Lydia!" At this moment the fishmonger arrived with a couple of mackerel and some kippered herrings—a little foible of mine—also for No. 89. The jealous porter dashed the MS. on the moist mackerel, jammed the herrings atop to keep it steady, blew an angry blast on the whistle, and sent up the lift with a furious rattle, shouting in rage and grief "Here's a love-letter for you, Lydia!" The voice of love was ever a voice of emotion. How was our Lydia to know—her porter's face being

hidden in the depths of the lift — that he spoke in wrath? She also was deeply moved, and, having hastily wiped the manuscript with the nearest dish-cloth, she stuck it in a cupboard between a half-consumed tin of sardines and the salad-oil bottle for future reference.

Now, everybody who knows Mr. Scawfell Scaife is aware that the Lydia of his moorland muse is Mrs. Wetherleigh Bleete; a deeply sympathetic but excellent lady of middle age, whose name is no more Lydia than Arethusa, but who was the first to discover and proclaim that the new bard had clothed all the mystery of nature, which a Wordsworth of inadequate endowment had vainly striven to express, in the lyric but highly polished passion of perfected art. Between such a poet and such a critic there was naturally a glowing community of soul. And we others stood round in admiration and were warned. The gracious lady cherished all the MSS. of Mr. Scaife's published works neatly encased in terracotta plush, and the "Moorland Melodies," his last and best, were to take the place of honor.

When, however, the bard arrived without his bag and explained that the MS. had been already sent, we were all plunged in dismay, and I went to interrogate Lydia.

No, she had seen no manuscripts for me; and she couldn't, nohow she tried, get a word out of that porter to-day, so she couldn't ask *him*; and how should she know, boxed up here, whether a boy had come; and, like Werter's Charlotte, she went on cutting bread and butter. But I caught sight of a page covered with the poet's cramped and careful script under the butter-dish, and dragged it forth.

Oh, that — that was some nonsense of the porter's, who had been copying out of poetry books and making up the queerest love-letters she ever did see.

With feverish haste I gathered up the scattered pieces of the poet's great work. She had taken some to bed, and others of the thick baronial post leaves had lain on the table while she prepared the breakfast bacon; and over all was an ancient and a fish-like smell. Then I carried them into the crowded drawing-room and tried to explain matters to Scawfell Scaife, pale and dishevelled, and to Mrs. Wetherleigh Bleete, angry and inclined to vituperation.

Lydia came and went with tea, cake, and bread and butter with a serenity on her pretty face which extorted my admiration. Mrs. Wetherleigh Bleete gathered

her skirts together as the maid passed her, crying, "This is all your work you — you!" and she choked with indignation. "Which my name is Lydia, ma'am," was the calm reply.

Poet and patroness left together grim and unforgiving, the poet having wrapped a handkerchief round the unlucky MS. There was no reading; my wife shed tears into her saucer, and our friends silently stole away.

That evening, however, I saw a sight which atoned in some measure for the trouble of the afternoon. Passing the little scullery into which the lift opens I was aware of a man's voice where no man should be, and I glanced in. The proud porter, with woe-begone face, was standing in the lift, holding hard to the ropes and pleading earnestly with the implacable Lydia. As he caught sight of me he let go his hold and disappeared into the rumbling abyss, carrying with him the last shred of the factitious respect with which I had invested him, and I knew that at last I was his superior.

The relief was immense, and I saw that Lydia, too, was emancipated; for she turned to me with her usual serenity and observed sweetly, "Like his impudence going and mixing up the pore gentleman's poetry with the fish, and making me ridiculous; but I've sent him down with a flea in his ear for all he's so proud, and I'll never speak a civil word to him again."

And hitherto she has kept her promise.

From The Speaker.

A WEST-COUNTRY WELL.

AT the foot of my garden, hidden from my window by the clift box hedge, runs Sanctuary Lane, along which I see the heads of the villagers moving to church on a Sunday morning. But in returning they invariably keep to the raised footpath on the far-side, that brings the women's gowns and men's small-clothes into view. I have made many attempts to discover how this distinction arose and why it is adhered to, but never found an explanation to convince me. It is the rule, however.

From the footpath a high bank, where now the primroses have given place to spring-wort, ragged robin, and celandine, rises to an orchard — so steeply that the apple-blossom drops into the lane. Just now the petals lie thickly there in the early morning, to be trodden into dust as soon

as the laborers go to work. Beyond and above the orchard stretches an oak copse, the fringe of a great estate, with a few ash saplings breaking the skyline on top of all. We are going to have a hot summer, the gamekeeper tells me, because the oak this year was in leaf before the ash, though only by a day. The ash was foliating on the second of May, and the oak on the first. Up there the bluebells lie in sheets of mauve, and the cuckoo is busy. I rarely see him; but his three notes fill the hot noon and evening. When he spits (says the gamekeeper again) it is time to be sheep-shearing.

The gamekeeper and I have been disputing of late over bird-lore, on which I hold his views to be too fanciful. He sticks to it, for instance, that all well-conditioned rooks begin to build on the first Sunday in March, and that all the smaller birds pair on Valentine's Day. And our disputations ordinarily begin at six in the morning, when he comes down the lane and I am stepping across to test the water in St. Scarlet's Well.

This well bubbles up under a low vault scooped in the bank by the footpath, and hung with hart's-tongue ferns. It has two founts, close together; but whereas one of them simply oozes, the other is bubbling perennially and, according to my observation, keeps always the same. Its specific gravity is that of distilled water, 1000°; and though, to be sure, it upset me terribly, a fortnight back, by flying up to 1005°, I think that must have come from the heavy thunderstorms and floods of rain that lately visited us, and no doubt imported some ingredients that had no business there. As for its temperature, I will select a note or two that I made with a Fahrenheit thermometer this last year:—

June 12th, 1889. Temperature in shade of well, 62°; of water, 51°.
 August 25th. In shade of well, 73°; of water, 52°.
 November 20th. In shade of well, 43°; of water, 52°.
 January 1st, 1890. External air, 56°; inclosure, 53°; water, 52°.
 March 11th. A bleak, sunless day. Temperature in shade of well at noon (I was late that morning because of my lumbago), 54°; water, 51°. The *Chrysosplenium oppositiflorum* in rich golden bloom within the inclosure.

These five extracts ought to convince any one. But the spring has other properties besides its steady temperature. To begin with, it will cure a child of rickets;

and in the second place, the font down at the parish church is always kept supplied from it, for this sufficient reason, that no infant baptized in its water can ever live to be hanged. There is yet another virtue, with which I became acquainted just three years ago.

I was abroad in my garden, one May morning, and in the act of tossing a snail over my box hedge, when I caught a glimpse of half-a-dozen sun-bonnets gathered about the wall, and heard some girls' voices giggling. Standing on tip-toe, I saw a group of maids from the village, and in the middle one bending over the water. Presently she scrambled to her feet, glanced over her shoulder, and caught sight of me. A shrill cry followed, and the party fled, multivious.

Considerably puzzled, I stepped into the road, and looked after their retreating skirts. A stone's throw up the lane, Gabriel Penny the road-mender was busy with a spade scraping two parallel lines of flints into places worn smooth by hoofs and cart wheels. Said I, walking up, "Can you tell me what those young women were after just now by Scarlet's Well?"

Gabriel groaned, and began with a terrific aspirate:—

"Hafter? Can I tell 'ee what they gigglets be hafter? Iss, I can—'tes ME."

He brought the point of the spade down to the ground, so that the handle rested vertically; crossed his hands over the end, rested his chin on his knuckles, and regarded me.

"'Tes hard, sir, to pursue the callin' of a widowman in a world full of languishin' women. Says Martha to me—Martha was my old woman—just afore she was tuk, an' the doctor, wi' all his Lunnon knowledge, saying, 'While there's life there's hope,' 'Gabey, my dear,' says she, 'don't 'ee cast coaxin' eyes 'pon another woman when I be gone around land—don't 'ee, co! For ef you do,' says she, 'I'll ha'n't 'ee—Lord's truth, I will.' But,' says I, 'Martha, I be so comely,' 'Passel o' stuff,' says she; 'just you try it on, that's all!'—an' wi' that she passed. Ay, but 'tes hard for a man to do hes duty in that state o' life, an' all the mazegerry maids for miles round a-chokin' Scarlet's Well wi' pins to attract 'en."

Stepping down to the well, I saw, sure enough, half-a-dozen small pins gleaming in its brown depths. So I went back and reasoned with Gabriel. For indeed the pin is useless as a love charm, useless altogether, unless flung in by way of

curse, to injure the person who is present to the mind at the time. It is, I told Gabriel, a companion superstition to that of sticking pins into a wax image, a sheep's heart, an orange, or an apple—the pin being a spear or dagger in miniature, and wounding more dangerously than a needle or splinter of wood, because it gives the sufferer the evil humors of the person who works the spell.

Gabriel dropped his shovel.

"An' me wi' a fusterin' finger!" he groaned, and ran away up the lane for his life.

Half an hour later I heard the noise of his shovel on the road again, and went out.

"Been up to Aun' Susan's," he explained curtly; "'went hedgin' Tuesday week an' rinned a thorn under my fingernail. I tell 'ee 'twas black—you; but I reckon Susan's put et to rights."

"What did she say?"

"I'll tell 'ee, so near as I can remember. 'Christ was 'pon middle earth,' she says, 'and the Jews pricked en; his blood sprang up into Heaven, his flesh never rotted nor fustered; no more shan't thine,' and then her went dro' the Toxicology dree times."

It was the Doxology, though, that Gabriel meant.

This morning I found a strip of pink calico hanging from the brambles by the mouth of the well. I had seen the pattern before on a gown worn by one of the villagers' wives, and I knew the rag was a votive offering, hung there because her child, who has been ailing all the winter, is now strong enough to go out into the sunshine.

Q.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE UMBRELLA.

THERE are very many things in daily use the origins of which are extremely curious and interesting when we come to examine them, but which in the present rapid nineteenth-century mode of living are rarely given a thought to. We refer now more especially to umbrellas, the user of which is no longer an object of derision, such as the first Englishman who carried one became. Common as the article now is, it is only since the early part of the present century that we have enjoyed such a defence from the rain. The traveller, Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, was the first Englishman to carry an um-

brella; but its use did not become general until the early part of the present century. The introduction of it into Scotland was even later than in England. In Creech's "Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces" there is a note to the following effect: "In 1763 no such thing known or used as an umbrella; but an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, who had occasion to walk a good deal, used one about the year 1780." This surgeon was no other than Mr. John Jamieson, who, having been to Paris and seen them in use there, brought one home with him, and this was the first seen in Edinburgh. He was a humorous man, and related with much gusto how he was stared at by the people as he and his umbrella went along.

We may wonder how, in the pre-umbrella days, people managed when they were caught in the rain. They seem to have hurried as best they could to where some roof projected over the footpath, or to where some door offered refuge. It will be remarked how much time this must have wasted; but minutes were not guarded so carefully in those days as they are now. The literature of bygone days is full of amusing scenes and otherwise enacted under these rain-shields.

We do not mean to infer from the foregoing that the umbrella was not known of at all until the eighteenth century; on the contrary, it is of very ancient origin, and was used by the Orientals and Greeks and Romans to a large extent, though very differently and under peculiar restrictions. Umbrella now means a portable protector from rain; while the name *parasol* is given to a smaller, more fanciful, and lighter article carried by ladies as a sun-shade. Originally, the umbrella, from the Italian diminutive *ombrello*, which strictly means "a little shade," was used only as a sun-shade, and its first home was in the hot, brilliant countries of the far East. In those sunny climes such an article was very agreeable; but it was not used for both rain and sun, as the Orientals do not think of leaving their homes in the rainy seasons. Its application as a defence from rain was quite an after-thought. The German word *regenschirm* and the French *parapluie* describe it as a rain-shield, just as the *parasol* signifies a sun-shield. Our vocabulary, however, has no appropriate word equivalent to rain-shield, so we content ourselves with umbrella.

On an ancient sculpture at Persepolis, in Persia, said to have been executed in the reign of Alexander the Great, a sovereign is depicted, attended by two bear-

ers, one of whom holds an umbrella over the head of the royal personage. From the earliest times in the Eastern countries, the umbrella was one of the emblems of royalty and power. On the sculptured remains of ancient Nineveh and Egypt there are also representations of kings and lesser potentates going in procession with an umbrella over their heads. The term "satrap," the old Persian title for a prince or governor of a province, is said to be derived from the Persian word for umbrella; and in India, as well as in Persia, the title "lord of the umbrella" has been in vogue for ages. Among the titles of the sovereign of Ava is that of "lord of the twenty-four umbrellas," which refers, it seems, to the twenty-four states or provinces combined under his sway. The Mahrattan princes of India had among their titles, "lord of the umbrella." The king of Burma, addressing the governor-general of India in 1855, spoke of himself as "the monarch who reigns over the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries." The umbrella is a distinguishing sign of the king of Morocco, and no one is allowed to use it except the sovereign, his sons, and brothers. It is related, in reference to this, that when one of the rulers of Morocco was leaving his palace, his umbrella was broken by the violence of the wind; and ever ready with superstitions, it was at once interpreted as an omen that his reign would soon terminate.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the umbrella was used by ladies, whilst for men to carry them was looked upon as very effeminate. The baldachins placed over ecclesiastical chairs, canopies of thrones, pulpits, altars, and portals, are closely related in their origin to umbrellas, and have, too, the same symbolic significance. There still hang large umbrellas in each of the basilican churches of Rome. It is probable that the custom of using umbrellas in Greece and Italy never became obsolete. Montaigne alludes to its use in Italy as quite common in his day, but only as a sun-shade. Parasols played a very important part among the Greek sacred and funeral ceremonies and in the great holidays of Nature. The Romans used sun-shades not only at theatres but at battles also.

When the Prince of Wales went to India, a golden sun-shade had to be placed over his head, as a symbol of his sovereignty. Many of the natives presented him with umbrellas as parting souvenirs. One, hailing from Indore, is in the form

of a mushroom; whilst that given by the queen of Lucknow is in blue satin, stitched with gold, and covered with fine pearls; others are made of gilt paper, others entirely covered with ravishing feathers of rare birds, all having long handles in gold or silver, damascened in carved ivory or in painted wood of wonderful richness and execution.

The amusing story related by Dr. Kitto serves as an excellent illustration of the use of the umbrella in Turkey. The great traveller was staying for a time at the village of Orta-Khoi, on the Bosphorus, some six miles from Constantinople. He was accustomed to visit Constantinople pretty often; and one day, when he was going, thinking it might rain, he took an umbrella. When he reached the spot where the boats started from, he found they had all gone; and not wishing to give up his visit, he determined to walk, and started off on the road at the back of the buildings lining the Bosphorus. Shortly after he started, it commenced to rain, and he very naturally put up his umbrella. As he approached the palace of Dolma Baktche, he observed the sentinel was making some extraordinary signs to him; but he failed to comprehend their significance. The soldier finally hastened towards him with his bayonet directed straight for the innocent traveller. An old Turk, who happened to have seen all the proceedings, assailed Dr. Kitto, as he thought very rudely, by pulling down the umbrella and turning and speaking to the sentinel. He was then allowed to pass on; but the old Turk did not let him put up his umbrella until they were beyond the precincts of the imperial residence, as the umbrella is emblematic of royalty in Turkey. It is, however, used in Constantinople, although the sultan is supposed not to know it, and for this reason it is not allowed to be displayed in his presence or in passing any of the palaces.

Umbrellas when first used in this country were heavy, ungainly articles, which did not hold well together. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised to bring them to their present compact, serviceable, and elegant forms. In their early days they usually had long handles, with ribs of whalebone or cane, very rarely of metal, and stretchers of cane; the jointing of the ribs and stretchers to each other and to the handles was very rough. Oiled silk or cotton, both of which are heavy in substance, and liable to stick together in folds, was used as the covering material. Gingham was soon substituted for the oiled

cloth; and in 1848 Mr. Sangster patented the use of alpaca as a covering material for umbrellas. Mr. Samuel Fox in 1852 was the next to improve the umbrella by inventing the "paragon" rib, which is formed of a thin strip of steel rolled into a U or trough section. This gives great strength for the weight of metal.

In the seventeenth century in France, the parasol was not in regular use except at court among the great ladies. The silk sun-shade was used for promenades, and in the beautiful alleys of the Versailles Park about the middle of Louis XIV.'s reign. In Fournier's "Old and New" it is stated that the invention of parasols was drawn from the felt hat of Tabarin. Another likely proof of the use of parasols and umbrellas not being very wide in the seventeenth century, may be inferred from the fact that the celebrated *Précieuses*, who were accustomed to say, "The third element falls" for "It rains," seemed to have had no word peculiar to themselves for this much-prized article. Madame de Pompadour had a very curious sun-shade in her possession; it was of blue silk, superbly decorated with wonderful Chinese miniatures in mica, and ornaments in paper very finely cut and affixed to the background.

In conclusion, we cannot do better than recall the amusing episode which took place at Blairgowrie when an umbrella was first sported there. It seems the minister and the laird were the only people who used them, and the people at large looked upon them as some strange phenomena. One day one of the tenants went to pay his rent to the laird, and it began to rain as he was about to leave. He was very kindly offered the loan of an umbrella, which he accepted, and started off gaily with the "peculiar phenomenon" in his hand. A little time after, the laird was surprised to see his tenant hastening back and to hear him exclaiming: "This'll never do; there's nae door in a' my house that'll let it in; my very barn door winna let it in!" The good man had not thought of closing it.

From The Speaker.

"YET IN THE LONG YEARS LIKER MUST THEY GROW."

FOR a week past the little world of Cambridge and the larger world outside have vied with one another in doing honor to Miss Fawcett, and in commemorating

with no grudging spirit her remarkable success. The proof which Mrs. Montagu Butler gave three years ago of a woman's ability to win pre-eminence in one line of intellectual achievement, Miss Fawcett has paralleled in the other, and there is now no longer room for disputing that both in classics and in mathematics women may claim the highest prizes which the universities can give. We do not think it necessary to consider which of the two is the more signal victory, for we have never seen reason to suppose that, though women might conquer in Latin and Greek, the citadel of mathematics was the peculiar sanctuary of man. It adds nothing to the brilliancy of Miss Fawcett's exploit to institute comparisons between them. But, as Mrs. Butler had taken possession of one field, we are glad that Miss Fawcett has chosen the other for her own. And those who count themselves among the followers of Mr. Fawcett, and who long admired, not only his dauntless battle with adversity, but the whole purpose of his public life, may be permitted perhaps as friends to rejoice that in the university which has already many reasons for remembering his name this memorable honor should have fallen to his daughter's lot.

It may now, we assume, be regarded as a matter which experience has placed beyond the range of bias, that the opening up to women of the chief treasures of learning was a measure of fairness unfraught with harm. In individual cases, if we like, we are free to retain our feelings. Men may speculate whether in some instances college life is altogether advantageous for women of whose future they have, or hope, to dispose. But even brave men will no longer contend that the approaches to it should be barred to women, or deny that of its fitness for themselves they must ultimately be the judge. The whole question of the position of women is so full of difficulty that it is no wonder if the issues have sometimes been confused, and it is only gradually that we are becoming able to distinguish between them. The question of education is settled, when it is conceded that in all matters of intellectual attainment girls should enjoy unrestricted freedom, or should, if anything, be more quickly led into deep studies than boys. Beyond, there lies the harder and the separate problem of a woman's part in life. In these days we are a busy people, and we have not always time to think our problems out. But a matter of such profound

import we may perhaps in all humility ask women to consider from all sides. It is easy enough to leap to the conclusion—and we are far from disputing it—that a woman is as good as a man. It is another matter to discover for what each is best fitted, and how the relation between them can most easily be suited to the altering conditions of a woman's life. The sphere of their activity, no man can doubt, is widening daily. It is true that women's work is still often under-paid; and the fact that only a minority of women are forced to earn their living, still checks the rate of wages. But there are signs that this inequality is likely slowly to diminish, and all sorts of occupations and employments are unfolding themselves rapidly to women of all classes. Which of these they mean to fill, which they are calculated to excel in, and what effect the acceptance of them may have upon their lives and the society about them—all these things are questions which not even the most intrepid journalists can decide offhand, or the strongest minds suffice without much thought to settle.

Further, beyond the question of women's private rights, there lies the harder question still, round which recently many controversies have gathered, and in which many protagonists have engaged, of their public function in the State. Shall they be "no more housewives, but queens"? Who doubts that the latter-day philosopher is right, when he urges us to recognize, as a force to be reckoned with and applied, the active ambition of women? Deep-rooted in the hearts both of men and of women there sits this "inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them." How is that ambition to be utilized? What are the fields where it may safely lead its possessors? What are the limits which they ought to recognize, the barriers which nature bids them bow to, and which immemorial experience sets? Or has an ampler knowledge and a changing age swept nature and experience aside? How far is identity of political functions the real corollary to intellectual equality between men and women? Is an antagonism between them necessary as the basis of equality; or how far is that to be avoided or desired? We do not propose to answer these questions here. Our object is only to point out that they are questions which have to be answered, and that, as such, they require to be considered by the best brains both of women and

of men. The problem is not perfectly simple, nor very plain to read. Its complexities are innumerable; its results reach infinitely far. But before women launch themselves into a new life, and step on to strange paths, we claim that they should pause, and think how those paths must be trodden, and whither they lead; and that they should take the bearings of the world with unembarrassed vision and with new-learned wisdom balancing the pulses of emotion, instinct, and ambitious hope. If Miss Fawcett and her compeers and successors will employ their gifts in making these things clear, and thus help us to settle perplexities which, so far, even humor has not solved, they may rest assured that they will render a conspicuous service in their generation to mankind.

From Public Opinion.

THE FOUNDERING OF THE DACCA.

THE following letter is from a lady who was on board the British India Steam Navigation Company's vessel the Dacca, when she came into collision with the Dædalus reef, in the Red Sea, and foundered on Friday, the 16th May:—

On board the S.S. Palmacotta, in the Red Sea,
Saturday morning [May 17th].

I know the consternation you will be in when you read of the total wreck of the Dacca in Monday morning's paper. We were going along beautifully, without a hitch, until yesterday morning, when I was startled as I lay in my berth by the doctor, who came and told me we had struck on the shoal, and all hands were to get on deck and make for the boats. How they were all got out of the ship, clothed and with their lifebelts on, seems amazing to me now. The doctor was very cool, and we all followed suit as well as was in our power. The emigrants, of whom there were more than four hundred, did not know there was any danger till they were passed to the boats. Some told me afterwards that they thought it was a "sort of drill" in case of a wreck. But the orders given to the emigrants will, I think, always ring in my ears in future: "Get into your clothes, put on your lifebelts, and pass on to the saloon deck." I was in my night-dress, dressing-gown, and slippers. The doctor came running along and put a lifebelt over me, and again as he passed he put a hat on my head; otherwise I should

have gone over still worse clad than I was. The matron in charge of the female emigrants (Mrs. Tymons) was the last woman to go over the side, and the doctor saw every soul off, and came away with Captain Stuart at the end. I believe every one in command was as cool as possible, and every man connected with the ship did his utmost. . . . When we got off in the boats we were rowed into water where we could touch bottom; then we had to wade to the lighthouse through coral stones and soft mud. Most of us bear the marks of the journey on our feet. Then there were the sick to be attended to. The doctor had them all in a room at the top of the lighthouse, and, considering all things, the management was marvellous. We were then trans-shipped to the Rosario, and late that afternoon to the Palmacotta, so that we had three trans-shipments of all these hundreds of people on that dreadful Friday. Numbers of them did not seem to realize the danger they had been in, and were picking up coral and shells as mementoes of the Dacca even while she was sinking. Not a life was lost, but most of the passengers are like myself—they have nothing but what they stand upright in, nearly all valuables having gone to the bottom with the steamer. Thanks to one of the officers, I got the silver wedding present I am bringing out. I told him where to get it. My own possessions I was not able to think of. When we were once more settled down and I thought of them, my little grandson's books were the first regret, and afterwards I remembered my copy of "Knight's Illustrated Shake-

speare," I was taking out with me, and so on from article to article. Then it was that my destitution dawned on me. Captain Almond, the late despatching officer of the Queensland Emigration Office in London, who was on board, worked incessantly at the boats during the trans-shiping. He, the captain of the Dacca, and all the officers did all they could to help every one. The captain and crew of the Rosario also were most kind. As the shipwrecked passengers came on board they served out biscuits and lime-juice to them and gave the women sheets, counterpanes, etc., to wrap round them while their clothes dried. It seems to us as though we had been through a horrible dream, but it is wonderful to see how we have all settled down again, the people sleeping and eating on the decks, and behaving well. Do you remember — used to chaff about the Dacca going down? I can imagine his horror when he reads the cable message. I hardly know what I write, but I must get some sleep now, as I have had none since the wreck. The doctor's work has been incessant, and his is the greatest responsibility. Please ascertain at the shipping office how you can send things to me, and forward linen, etc., of which I send a list. Until we get the telegrams from England after reaching Suez, we do not know whether we shall go on in this ship, or wait until the Tarra or Taroba can be despatched from London to pick us up. Now, my dear —, good-bye. Words cannot tell you how I feel, and I do not think the horror of it all will ever leave my mind. Love to you all.

WANTED AN AFRICAN ARMY. — There are great jubilations in England that we have obtained the concession or protectorate of so large a portion of Africa. It looks as if at the close of the nineteenth century we were about to create an empire in Africa similar to that which our ancestors created in Hindostan. The origin by means of chartered companies having large powers is much the same, and probably the growth of the African Empire will be much the same as the Eastern one. But this African Empire will certainly increase the responsibilities of the mother country and in time demand the protection of British soldiers. We may, as we have done in India, raise native troops, although we believe Kaffirs as distinguished from Fingoes have never readily entered our military service; still just as in India the best native troops require a

backing of British soldiers, so in Africa native levies will always require the support of English troops. As we have asked before, How is this increased demand for soldiers to be met? Bounties will certainly give us recruits, but not the proper kind of recruits. We do not want men who enlist to-day and desert to-morrow. We have too many deserters as it is, but the bounty system is a premium on desertion. Then again we have the police striking for higher wages, and we have no doubt that they will get a rise. This is, of course, dead against the interests of recruiting. Our theory is that the constabulary should be taken from the army, so that the superior attractions of police service should be made the means of inducing men to enter the army.

Broad Arrow.

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